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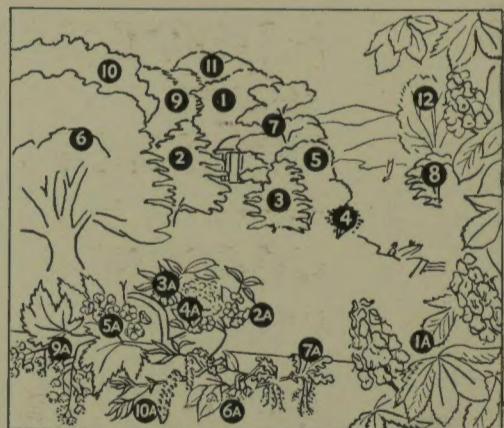
Shell guide to trees in MAY

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.



This is the month of the great spiky blossoms and fan-leaves of the planted HORSE CHESTNUT (1, 1A) and the purity of cherry blossom—the WILD CHERRY (2, 2A), variously called Gean, Mazzard, Merry or Gaskin, and the scarcer BIRD CHERRY OR HAGBERRY (3) of the North, which hangs its flowers (3A) in elongated clusters (so Wordsworth called it 'Cluster-Cherry' in his *Guide to the Lakes*). In the South, on chalk, the shrubby WAYFARING TREE spreads its pancakes of blossom (4, 4A). Pink-tinged buds of wild CRAB are opening

(5, 5A). The BEECH (6) unfolds silk-soft leaves, but with its flowers (6A) looks for a while yellow rather than green. Catkins tinge the OAK (7, 7A) with yellow, and the FIELD MAPLE (8) is yellowish with young leaves and flowers. Drooping flowers on the SYCAMORE make more splash (9, 9A), and a tall sycamore will be loud with bees. Have you noticed, too, the catkins of the WALNUT (not a native tree), whose young leaves are orange-pink at first (10, 10A)? ASH (11) and BLACK POPLAR (12) are still suspicious of the year, in a competition to be last with their leaves.



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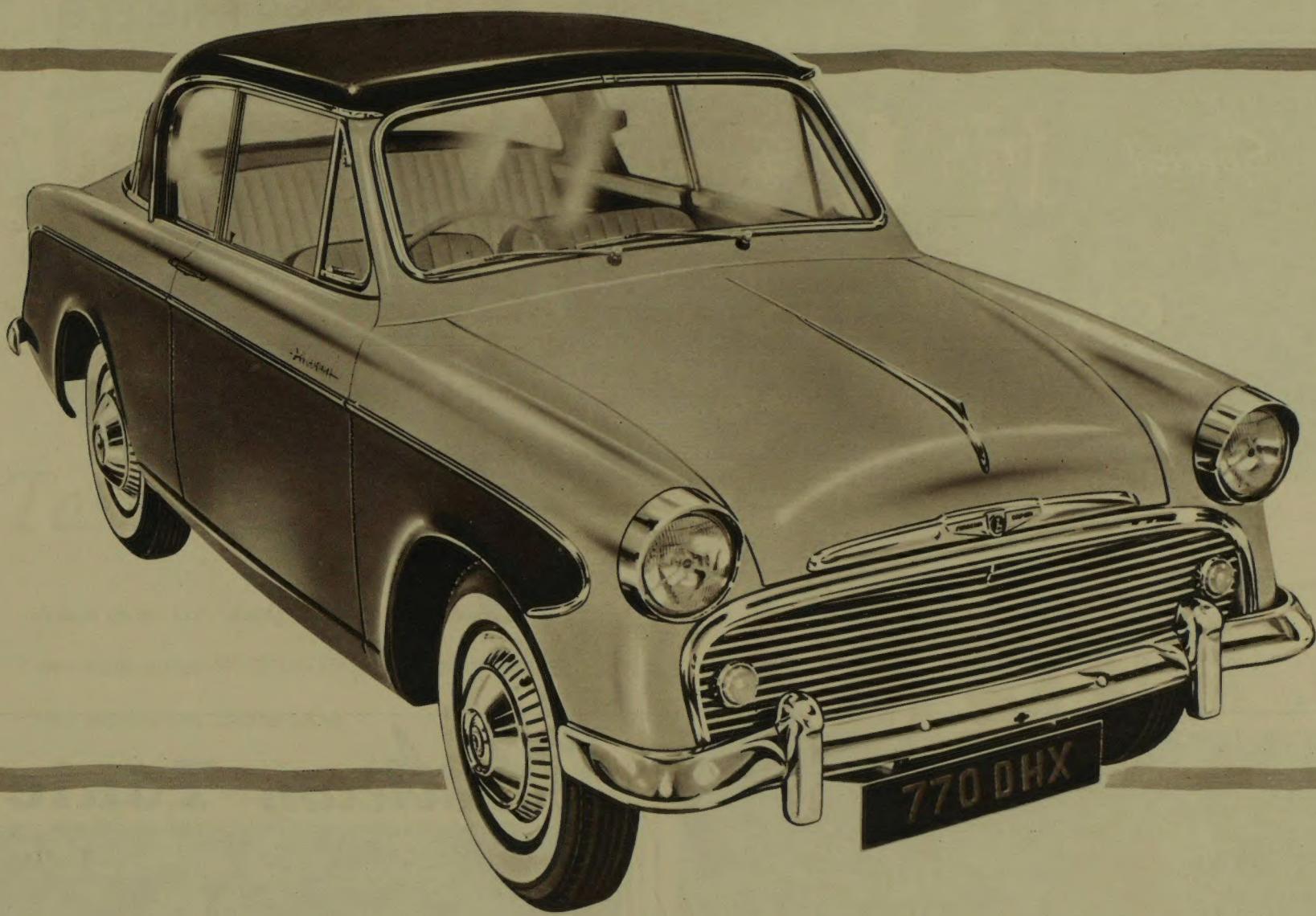
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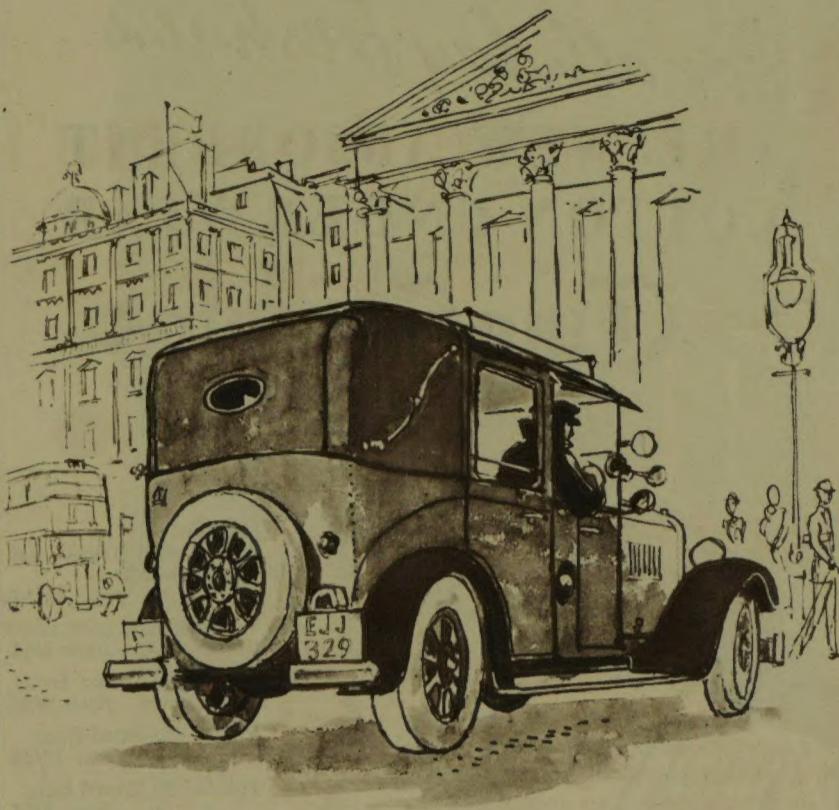
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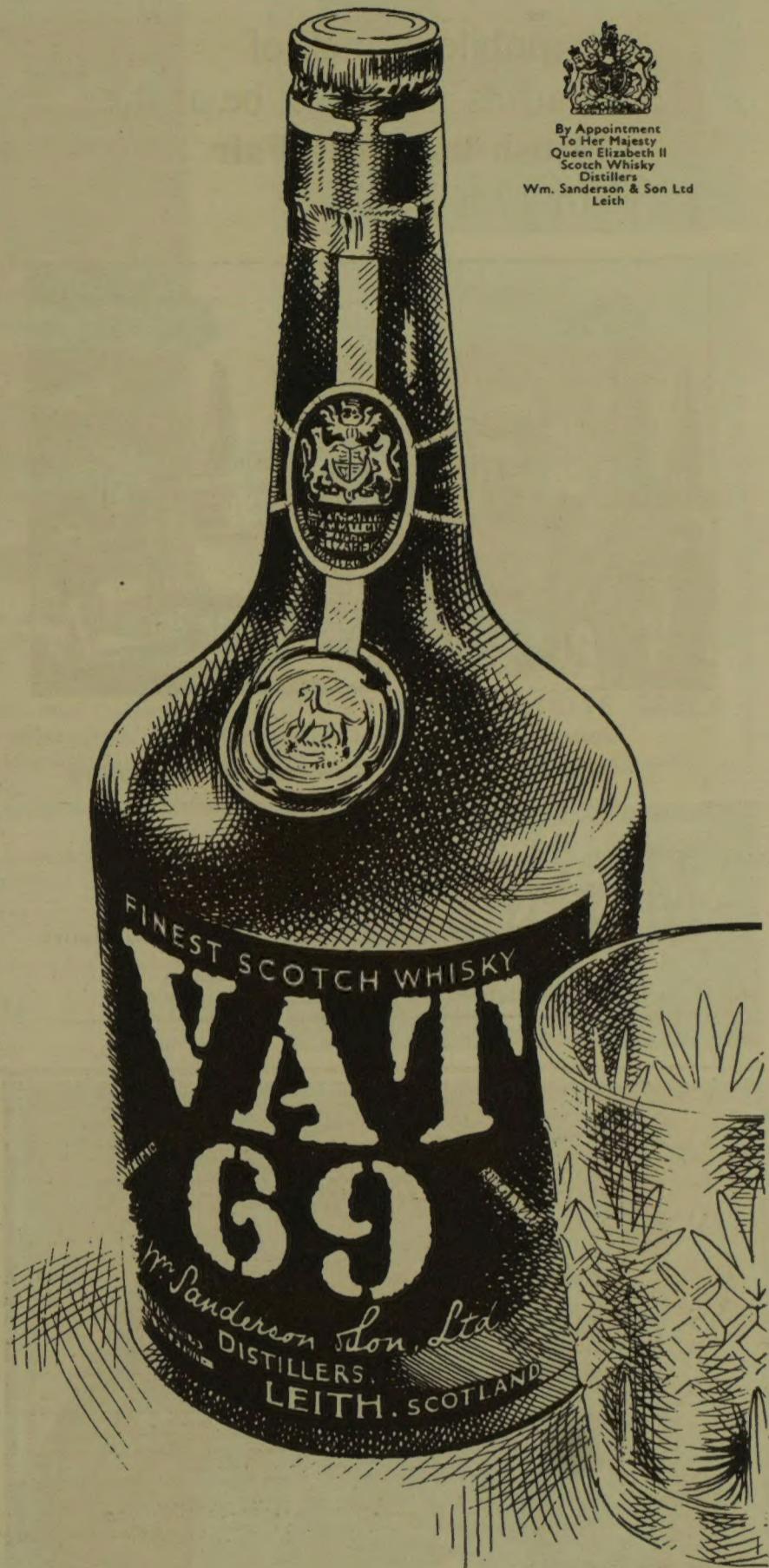
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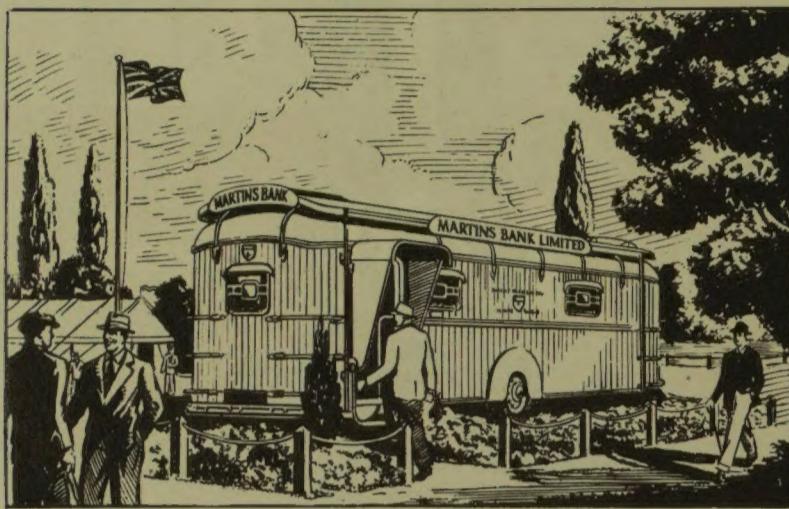
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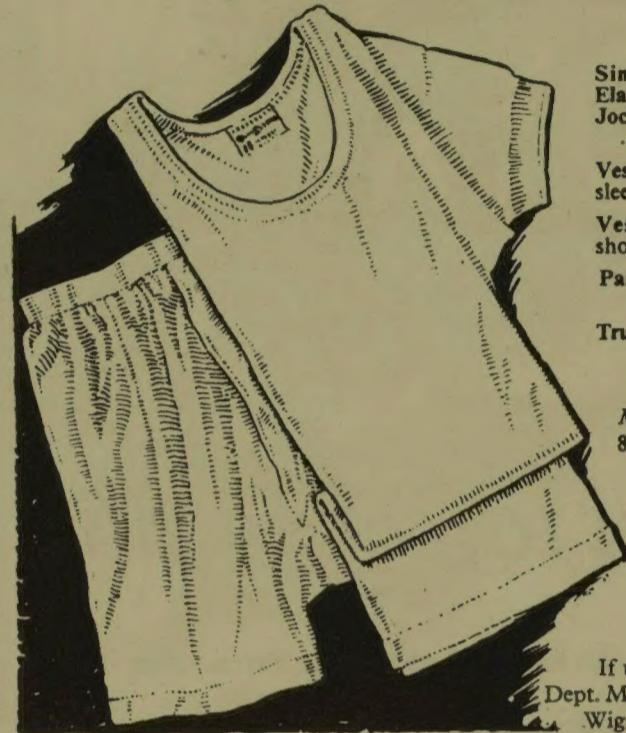
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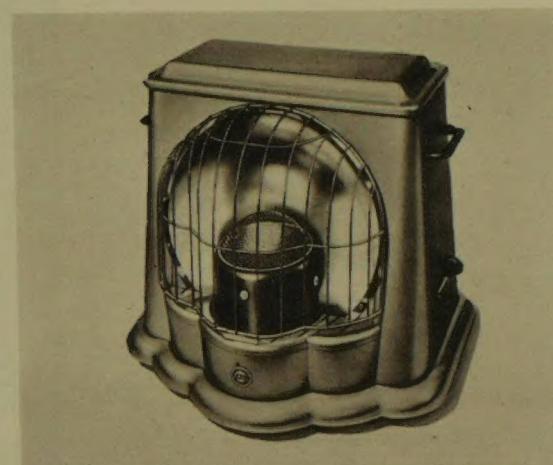
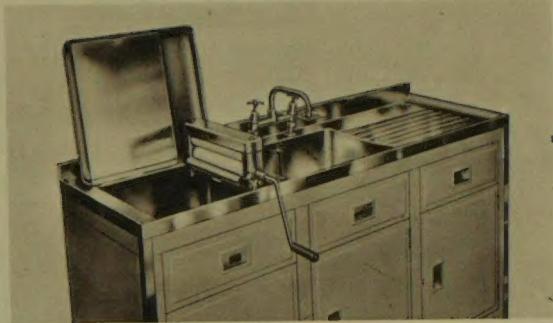
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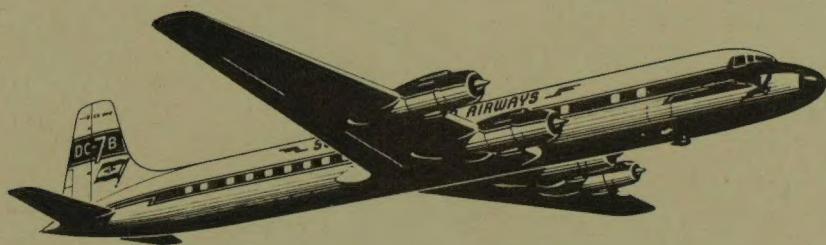
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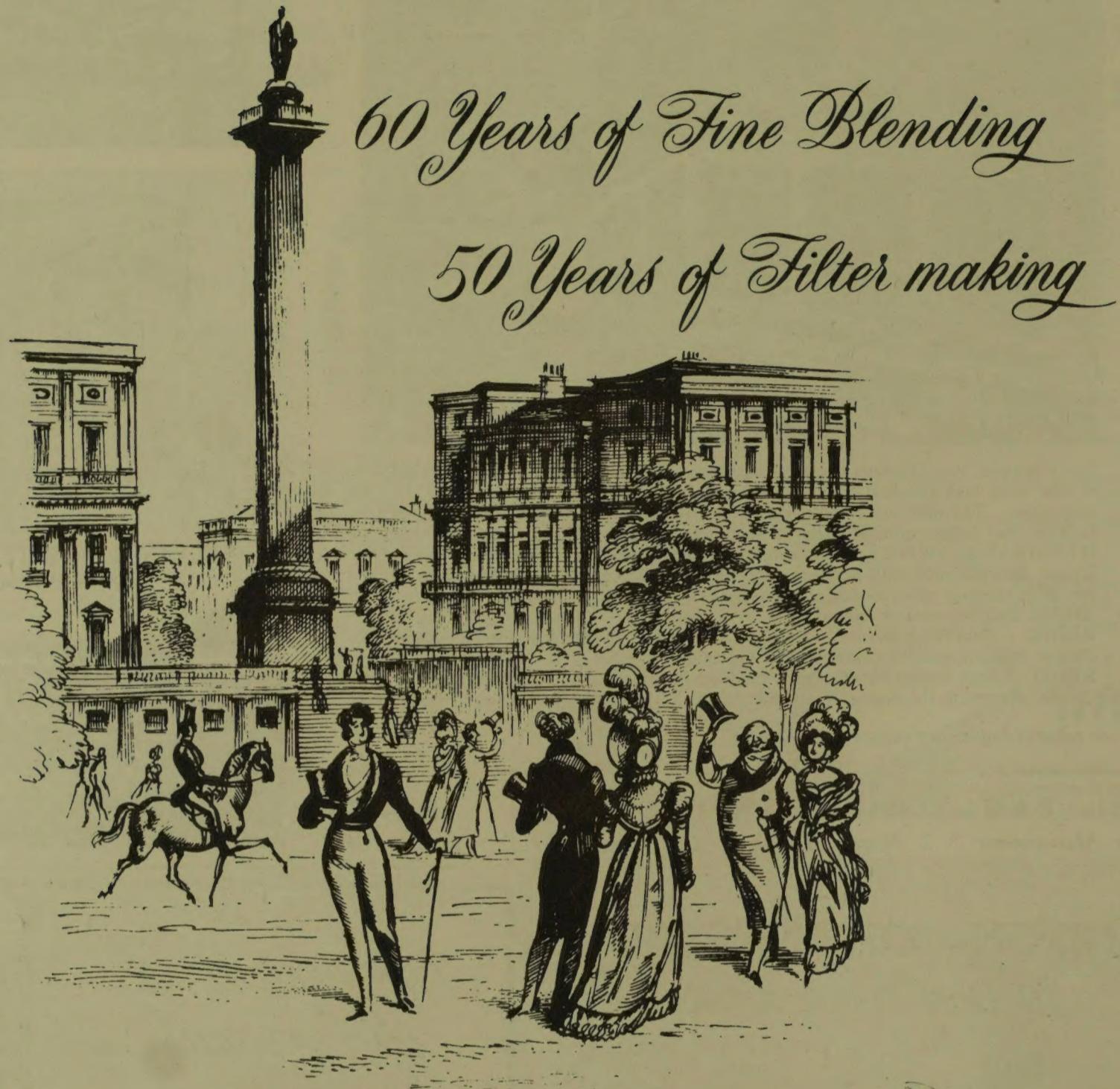
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SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1957.



ROYAL BUT INFORMAL BADMINTON: HER MAJESTY (FILMING), PRINCESS MARGARET, AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL (RIGHT) SITTING BESIDE THE QUARRY JUMP ON THE CROSS-COUNTRY COURSE WITH OTHER INTERESTED SPECTATORS BEHIND THEM.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were joined by Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother as guests of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort during the three-day horse trials at Badminton, Gloucestershire, from April 25-27. The Royal visitors watched all the stages of this thrilling event—which provides one of the climaxes of the equestrian year. They moved freely among the large crowds attending this year and obviously enjoyed the relative informality

of their visit. There were thirty-eight starters for the exacting cross-country event on the second day, which was made somewhat uncomfortable for both competitors and spectators by a cold breeze blowing over the course. Miss Sheila Willcox on *High and Mighty* retained the lead she had gained in the dressage, and with a clear round in the jumping on the third day became the second woman to have won this important award.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THERE was nothing that so struck our Elizabethan and seventeenth-century forbears as the transience and variability of man's lot. Everything, in God's pleasure, had its season, and its season was soon past. Now it was one man's turn, now another. Joy and woe were interwoven as the texture of every mortal's existence. A wise man took his lot as it came, for there was no escaping it. It was God's will. The elaboration and material achievement of modern life in a civilised community like Britain tends in normal times to conceal, if not obliterate, these sharp contrasts. Before the war it was quite possible, even usual, for a rich man to pass the bulk of his days in the same state of fortune and life: only death put a certain term to his prosperity and comfort. What he gained in security—pet treasure and achievement of our age—he lost in poetry. Because he lived securely and on an unchanging level, he missed the catch at the heart of life. He was never really happy because he was never really sad. He never triumphed because he never failed.

Children are wiser, or rather more fortunate. For them life is an affair

immediate prospect. In those days one knew grief as Lear or Oedipus or Desdemona knew it: and later tasted of joy as Adam and Eve had tasted it before the dew of creation was off the trees in the Garden of Eden. Not to be young would be never to have lived.

Presently, of course, we learnt philosophy—the premium of bliss foregone which men pay against sorrow and abandon. Even in those first desperate days of term, amid the heartache of the cheerless, rowdy dormitory, or in the hopeless perplexity of Latin unseen, one would become conscious that in the fullness of time these Promethean sufferings would be succeeded by the bliss of faraway holidays. And the knowledge would make one speculate a little curiously on the nature of time that could seem so inescapable and eternal, and yet presently and imperceptibly transform one's circumstances and life into something utterly different. To-day, I would say to myself, is Monday, September 20—the blackest day in my history—and yet, though it at present seems impossible, the day will come when it will be December 19, and I and my schoolfellows will be pelting down the hill with leaping hearts to catch the train home to comfort, love and liberty—

Jog trot, jog trot, down the hill at last
When the Monday morning tells of labour past!
Now for a week or two put the books to bed.
Horse, dog, gun and rod, you come out instead.

In time of war—certainly war as it is fought to-day—there is scope

for such philosophy. We are entered upon an iron time to whose durance we can set no certain ending. It is like celestial space; we cannot imagine anything different. Yet we cannot also imagine its eternal continuance. It cannot stop, it seems at the moment. And yet we are dimly aware that it cannot go on for ever. The time will come, as in 1918, when the side which has less courage and endurance than the other will slowly or suddenly crack. We English have no doubt which that side will be. And then time will change, too. We shall pass out of an iron into a golden age. As a matter of fact, the world will not be perfect then: we may be sure of that. There will be no more Utopia than there was in 1919: perhaps—probably—far less. But we shall not be aware of that. For we shall be in bliss inconceivable. We shall be happy because we have been sad. We shall be victorious because we have been near defeat. We shall be gay and merry because we have lived in darkness and tribulation. *Per ardua ad astra.* There is no other way. And changing time takes us there.

Rightly conceived, time is the friend of all who are in any way in adversity. For its mazy road winds out of the shadows sooner or later into sunshine, and when one is at its darkest point one can be certain that presently it will grow lighter:

But in the darkest hour of night
When even the foxes peer for sight;
The byre-cock crows. He feels the light.

He who can possess himself of that knowledge is blitzkrieg-proof. He is proof against worse than blitzkrieg; against anxiety and deprivation, joyless days and all the negation of light and colour and warmth that modern life implies. For the inexorable ticking of the clock is the reminder and promise that these things will return. And even if landmines stop our clocks, time, bringing its ultimate triumph, will go on just the same. Every second brings the end of the tyrant and the oppressor nearer. Time is always the foe of the materialist in possession.

The second November of the Second World War to end war affords a good moment for recollecting the course of time's winding pathway. Here we are again, as we were in November 1915, in a drear, sombre hour, with little or no immediate hope of brighter times.

Many cheerless weeks and months of us. It does not matter, for viewed in a proper perspective, we can "take" them.

Horror of wounds and anger at the foe
And loss of things desired; all those must pass.
We are the happy legion, for we know
Time's but a golden wind that shakes the grass.



"MADONNA AND CHILD"—A PROPOSED SCULPTURE FOR MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL, BY CHARLES WHEELER, P.R.A.: ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S EXHIBITS IN THE R.A. SUMMER EXHIBITION. (Copyright reserved for the owner by "The Royal Academy Illustrated.")

of quick changes, of sunshine and cloud, laughter and tears following each other in quick and never quite predictable procession. At one moment in the day everything seems black and threatening, in another, one is in a timeless delirium of ecstasy, at yet another hope seems dead for ever, and there is nothing left for a broken soul but to cry its heart out and die. Next day the same emotions are repeated, in some new and, for that reason, never-wearying pattern. And even as they get older the roulette of their young lives is constantly turning, keeping their joys and their apprehensions alike fresh. I remember with what a sense of unpitying doom and finality the day came to return to school: the last hours among the loved familiar things of home, the parting with one's parents on the bleak, inescapable platform, the chilling, comfortless aridity of the barrack life to which one returned put a term to all hope of future happiness. And yet, three months later, when the time to "break up" came, one would go through breathless anticipations and realisations of inexpressible bliss no less eternal in



"FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN DILL, G.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D. (1881-1944)," BY HERBERT HASELTINE: THE SCULPTOR SEEN WITH THE PLASTER ORIGINAL OF THE STATUE UNVEILED AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY, WASHINGTON, IN 1950, OF WHICH A QUARTER-SIZE BRONZE REPRODUCTION IS EXHIBITED AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

Photograph by M. Routhier, Paris.

The 1957 Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy opens at Burlington House, Piccadilly, to-day (May 4) and remains on view until August 18. In this issue we have a supplement, on pages 725 to 729, showing a representative selection from this great annual exhibition. Mr. Charles Wheeler, who was elected President of the Royal Academy in December, has a water-colour, a model and this sculpture in the exhibition. Three of Herbert Haseltine's well-known equestrian sculptures are to be seen.

AT BADMINTON: THE ROYAL VISITORS WATCH MISS WILLCOX'S VICTORY.



AN INTENT SPECTATOR DURING THE CROSS-COUNTRY EVENT: PRINCESS MARGARET SMOKING AS SHE WATCHES ONE OF THE COMPETITORS.



DURING AN INTERVAL ON THE SECOND DAY: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO BOTH WATCHED THROUGHOUT THE THREE-DAY EVENT.



MAKING FRIENDS WITH A CANINE SPECTATOR: PRINCESS MARGARET PETTING A DOG WHICH HAD PUT ITS HEAD THROUGH THE FENCE BEHIND HER.

AGAIN this year the Queen and other members of the Royal family were among the spectators at the Badminton Horse Trials, which took place from April 25-27 in the grounds of the Duke of Beaufort's magnificent Gloucestershire seat. Dressage, a gruelling steeplechase and cross-country course, and show-jumping provide a difficult test for horses and riders in this outstanding three-day event. At the end of the first day Miss Sheila Willcox, on her superb mount *High and Mighty*, had gained a lead in the dressage event. Going beautifully over every part of the cross-country course, Miss Willcox maintained her lead at the end of the second day. A clear round in the show-jumping on the final day gave Miss Willcox the victory, with a score of +79·37. Miss P. Moreton, on *Red Sea*, finished second with +53·58.

(Right.)
TACKLING THE DIFFICULT QUARRY JUMP: A COMPETITOR IS WATCHED BY THE ROYAL PARTY, SEATED INFORMALLY ON RUGS SPREAD OUT AT THE SIDE OF THE JUMP.



THE WINNERS OF THIS GREAT EVENT DURING THEIR CLEAR ROUND IN THE SHOW-JUMPING: MISS SHEILA WILLCOX; AND HIGH AND MIGHTY JUMPING MAGNIFICENTLY.



OUT FOR A MORNING RIDE AT BADMINTON: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH HER HOST, THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, WHO IS MASTER OF THE HORSE.

A TWO-DAY ROYAL TOUR: THE QUEEN AND DUKE IN THE W. MIDLANDS.



AT MALVERN: THE QUEEN DURING HER TOUR OF THE RADAR RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, NOW THE "ROYAL" RADAR ESTABLISHMENT.



AT DUDLEY: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR (COUNCILLOR S. DANKS) AND FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



AT THE BRIERLEY HILL GLASSWORKS, NEAR STOURBRIDGE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TRYING SOME GLASS-BLOWING WITH A "BLOW-GUN."



AT WORCESTER: THE QUEEN BEING PRESENTED WITH A REGIMENTAL BROOCH OF THE QUEEN'S OWN WORCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS.



LEAVING HEREFORD CATHEDRAL: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DEAN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ACKNOWLEDGING THE CROWD'S GREETING.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh started a two-day tour of the West Midlands when they arrived at Hagley, Worcestershire, in the Royal train on April 23. After being received by Admiral Sir William Tennant, Lord Lieutenant of Worcestershire, the Royal visitors drove to Halesowen, Oldbury and Rowley Regis. After lunch at Dudley, the "capital of the Black Country," the Queen and the Duke visited the Royal Brierley crystal works at Brierley Hill, where the Duke tried glass-blowing. At Stourbridge they were received at the Council House and inspected an exhibition of glass. After having tea in the Town Hall at Kidderminster, the Queen and the Duke rejoined



IN HEREFORD: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE (LEFT) ADMIRING SOME OF THE FINE PEDIGREE CATTLE PARADED FOR THEM IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

the Royal train. In the evening they arrived at Worcester, where they attended a reception at the Guildhall. The Queen and the Duke started the second day of the tour with a visit to the Worcestershire County Cricket Ground at Worcester, and then drove to Malvern, where they toured the College of Electronics and the Radar Research Establishments. They saw the British Camp, a 2000-year-old fortress, before driving to Ledbury to join the Royal train for Leominster. In Hereford the Queen and the Duke visited the cattle market, had tea at the Town Hall, and went to the Cathedral. After visiting Ross-on-Wye and the Forest of Dean they drove to Badminton.

ROYAL EVENTS AT GLASGOW, CARDIFF, AND IN THE QUADRANGLE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



(Left.) A ROYAL VISIT TO GLASGOW: PRINCESS MARGARET, CENTRE, ABOARD *MAID OF ASHTON*, IN WHICH SHE MADE A SHORT CRUISE DOWN THE CLYDE.



(Right.) ON THE CLYDE DURING PRINCESS MARGARET'S CRUISE DOWN THE RIVER IN *MAID OF ASHTON*.

On April 24 Princess Margaret visited Glasgow, where she was shown the New Town of East Kilbride and in the evening opened the Scout Show at Kelvin Hall. During the afternoon, Princess Margaret made a trip down the Clyde in *Maid of Ashton*.



DURING HIS VISIT TO CARDIFF: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPEAKING AT CARDIFF CASTLE.

On April 27 his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh visited Cardiff, and at a ceremony at Cardiff Castle accepted the Freedom of the City on behalf of the Welsh Guards, of which he is Colonel. Above, the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards, is seen speaking at the ceremony.



PRINCESS MARGARET INSPECTING THE MECHANICAL ENGINEERING RESEARCH LABORATORY OF THE

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH: DURING HER VISIT TO GLASGOW.

During her visit to Glasgow on April 24, Princess Margaret inspected the Mechanical Engineering Research Laboratory of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Large crowds cheered Princess Margaret on her arrival in the city.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, IN THE CENTRE, AND PRINCE PHILIP, TO THE LEFT, DURING THE ST. GEORGE'S DAY SCOUTS' PARADE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On Sunday, April 28, a contingent of Queen's Scouts and holders of Scout Gallantry Awards, attending the National Scouts' Service in St. George's Chapel, marched past the Queen and Prince Philip in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle. Before the parade the Queen inspected scouts from Great Britain, the Commonwealth and the Colonies.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH THE CHIEF SCOUT, LORD ROWALLAN, DURING THE PARADE OF SCOUTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE ON APRIL 28. AFTER THE PARADE, A SERVICE WAS HELD IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

AFTER the accession of King Hussein to the throne of Jordan I was invited to a great open-air banquet. All the leading figures of the little kingdom were present, including, of course, the leading politicians. Today a number of those who took part in the ceremonies and demonstrations of rejoicing and loyalty are bitterly hostile to the King. Those who are not are powerless or afraid to carry on a Government. It is not profitable to discuss the present situation of Jordan in terms of events because these are shifting so fast, and the present article is written at what looks like the height of the crisis. A "still," with as much background as possible, may, however, possess some value.

On April 24, Dr. Khalidi's Government resigned after demonstrations in Amman. They appear to have been angry, but they were not prolonged; nor were the crowds taking part in them large. Dr. Khalidi stepped out mainly because of the attitude of the notables and parties of West Jordan, which rendered it impossible for any moderate or supporter of the King and his policy to lead a Government in the present Parliament of Jordan. The King has had his back against the wall for over a year now. His offering of General Glubb as a sop to the nationalists and anti-Europeans has gradually strengthened the power of Left-Wing elements, including some avowedly Communist, until these have reached out their arms to drag him from his throne and even to hand over his kingdom to Syria.

The King has undoubtedly to take into account hostility and disaffection in East Jordan, and not only in Amman. The most serious opposition which he has to face, and the most powerful disrupting influence, is to be found, however, in the towns of the Judean hills, the region embodied in the kingdom, perhaps unwisely, by Hussein's grandfather, King Abdullah. Nablus and Ramallah are the chief seats of this influence, even more than the old city of Jerusalem. Both the former towns have a reputation for fanaticism, though formerly this was religious only. In many respects the people of West Jordan have tended to stand apart from the main part of the kingdom, but it is only recently that they have come out into the open with revolutionary and Communist appeals.

The word "nationalists" used above is, in fact, not quite appropriate to the latest developments. The Left-Wing extremists to-day are racialist rather than nationalist, since they contemplate the absorption of Jordan in Syria. The present mood of Jordan racialism is, however, proud and fierce. It takes a lot of pride nowadays for a poor country to shout, "We do not want your money!" to a rich one which is offering it. This is what is happening now. The United States Government must be embarrassed by the fact that the Eisenhower doctrine has been up to the present not merely a failure but has been despised and mocked. Its very existence has been one of the factors in the unrest in Jordan and the President's purse-bearer has been wise to keep out. That is not to say that Jordan, if the monarchy survives, will never condescend to dip a hand into it.

Some curious cross-currents puzzle European observers. For instance, the extremists are, in general, the strongest supporters of Egypt and, as in earlier outbreaks, Egyptian influence has played a part in the recent disturbances. Yet, according to the King's broadcast on April 25, the Left-Wing Prime Minister, Mr. Nabulsi, who was in office during Israel's attack on Egypt late last year, dissuaded him from going to Egypt's aid. The King is certainly as strong a nationalist as any of his subjects. What he has been striving to avoid is, of course, in part the overthrow of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

UPHEAVAL IN JORDAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.



LEAVING GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN AMMAN ON THEIR LAST DAY IN OFFICE: DR. HUSSEIN KHALIDI (RIGHT), PRIME MINISTER OF THE CABINET WHICH RESIGNED ON APRIL 24, WITH HIS DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER, SAID EL MUFTI.

In his article this week Captain Falls gives some of the background to the fast-moving political crisis in Jordan. After ten days in office Dr. Khalidi's Cabinet resigned on April 24, and was replaced next day by a moderate Government led by Ibrahim Hashem. On the same day King Hussein imposed martial law throughout Jordan, and at a Cabinet meeting on April 26 the new Minister of Defence, Suliman Toukan, was appointed Military Governor. In his determined policy King Hussein was relying increasingly on the support of the Bedouin element of his army.



APPOINTED MILITARY GOVERNOR OF JORDAN ON APRIL 26: SULIMAN TOUKAN, THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE IN THE NEW CABINET.

APPOINTED PRIME MINISTER BY KING HUSSEIN ON APRIL 25: IBRAHIM HASHEM, AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD ELDER STATESMAN.

the Hashemite house, but in a more general sense the imposition of Communism upon Jordan.

From the moment when, on April 25, a new Government, which could in the nature of things be nothing but authoritarian, took office, King Hussein was reduced to dependence on the Army. The troops may be divided into three types: Bedouin of East Jordan; townsmen and settled Arabs, with a small proportion of Circassians and others, of East Jordan; and Western Jordanians. The first-named are the most reliable and probably in all respects but education the best. The Arabs of the second type are a doubtful element. The third is a most unpromising one. Knowing, as we do, that there were disaffected officers even in the days of Sir John Glubb's leadership, we can hardly believe that recent events have not, at best, affected the Army adversely.

Two Chiefs of Staff, Generals Ali Abu Nuwar and Hayyari, took refuge in Syria in quick succession, and they are not the only ones. Other officers were arrested, but not for the time being brought before courts martial. The removal of the British officers, some of whom possessed exceptional qualities of leadership and skill, and all of whom were efficient, was a misfortune. It had always been the intention that the Arab Legion, as it was formerly called, should be gradually turned over to the leadership of its own native officers as they progressed in training and experience. Loyalty apart, the Legion had not even technically reached a stage when a clean sweep of British officers could be made without lowering its military value and its ability to maintain its equipment. Another consideration is that the British subsidy has not been replaced, despite assertions to the contrary.

The personality and gifts of King Hussein are illusive and much disputed. His personal courage cannot be doubted; the question is whether it is matched by the equally important quality of judgment. When he came to the throne he had an engaging air of ardour; and, watching him at close quarters, one felt that he was prepared to dedicate himself to his kingly task. Sir John Glubb remarked prophetically—though he cannot have known how soon and to what extent the prophecy would be fulfilled—that he would have to face a great deal of disillusionment. In the last year his energy has been as great as ever, but it has been erratic. His warmest well-wishers must now feel uncertain of his future.

With very small commercial assets, a population outnumbered by refugees living on the bounty of an international agency, and a territory of which a large proportion is desert, the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan could never hope to be viable except with outside aid. In the anti-British political campaign led by Colonel Nasser it was singled out for special treatment to induce it to break its links with Britain. This campaign succeeded in circumstances which are fresh in everyone's mind. The King, then much under the influence of General Nuwar, bowed to the storm at a time when it would have been easier than now to stand firm. Perhaps he had become genuinely impatient with Britain. Since then matters have gone from bad to worse for him.

As regards the future, we know well enough what Egyptian policy will be. That of three other Arab States is important: Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq. The first is Left-Wing and is known to have entertained the idea of swallowing Jordan. The second has shown itself unusually friendly of late, considering how old is the tradition of hostility between the two ruling houses. The third is very friendly indeed. All three possess foreign armaments, those of Syria being Russian. Nor can the factor of Israel be left out of account. If the King's last stand were to fail, he would not only lose his kingdom, but in all likelihood see it cease to exist as an independent State.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



JORDAN. DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS IN AMMAN ON APRIL 24: POLICE SHIELD THEMSELVES AGAINST STONES BEING HURLED BY THE CROWD.



CLAPPING AND SHOUTING SLOGANS: PART OF THE CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS WHICH FILLED THE MARKET SQUARE AT AMMAN, CARRYING LARGE BANNERS WITH ANTI-WESTERN SLOGANS.



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE DEMONSTRATIONS IN AMMAN: THE CROWD MOVING DOWN A STREET IN THE CITY. THERE WERE SEVERAL CLASHES WITH THE POLICE.



AFTER THE IMPOSITION OF A TOTAL CURFEW ON APRIL 25: A STREET IN AMMAN QUIET AND DESERTED EXCEPT FOR A POLICE PATROL.



CARRYING LONG BATONS AND STRAW SHIELDS AS PROTECTION AGAINST STONES HURLED BY THE DEMONSTRATORS: POLICEMEN IN AMMAN DURING THE RIOTS.

Until April 24 a feature of the dangerous political crisis in Jordan had been the relative quiet among the populace of the capital, Amman. But on the morning of that day some 3000 demonstrators gathered in the streets of the city, and marched in force, carrying banners and cheering with anti-Government and anti-Eisenhower slogans. They were involved in several clashes with the police, and considerable quantities of stones were thrown. There were also reports of similar riots in some towns on the west bank of the River Jordan. Soon after noon, however, the crowds dispersed after cheering and



AN UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENT AT THE CLOSE OF THE RIOTS IN AMMAN: DEMONSTRATORS CARRYING JORDANIAN SOLDIERS AND POLICE ON THEIR SHOULDERS.

chairing some of the police, though the strike called by their leaders was continued. Later in the day Dr. Khalidi's Cabinet resigned, and on April 25 King Hussein proclaimed martial law throughout the country and a complete curfew was imposed in Amman and some other towns. Ibrahim Hashem was called upon to form a new Government. Military Governors were appointed, two military courts were created, and several arrests were reported. In the midst of his apparently successful tackling of this situation, the young King left Amman on April 28 and flew to Saudi Arabia to meet King Saud.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-II.



GENOA, ITALY. A SHIP TO CARRY 1000 CARS: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE ITALIAN

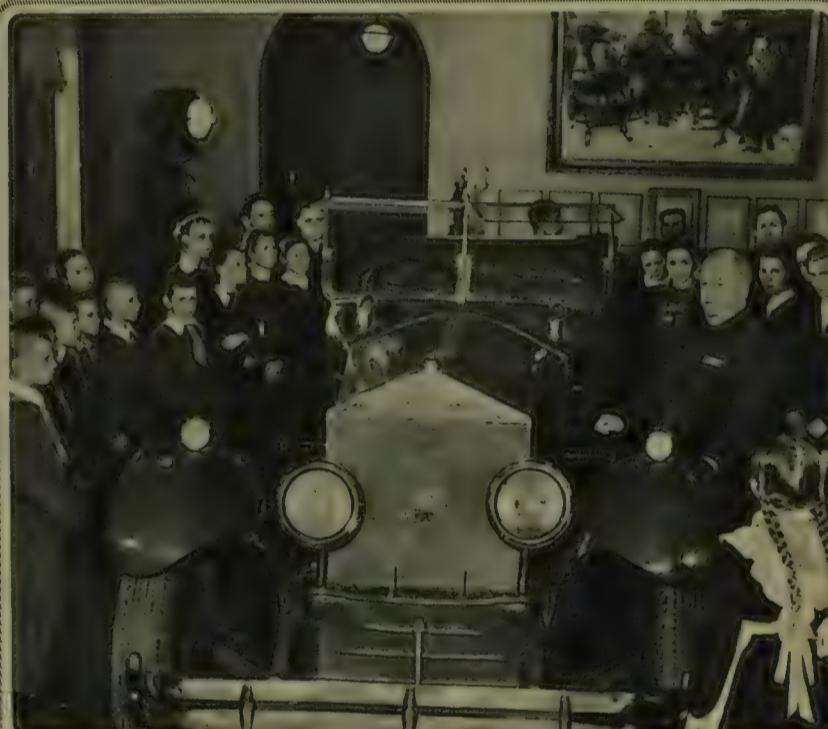
FREIGHTER *ITALTERRA*, NOW BEING CONVERTED AT GENOA.

This Liberty-type freighter of some 7000 tons, belonging to the Italinavi Shipping Co., is being converted to carry a cargo of motor-cars and nothing else, with a view of assisting Italian car exports by cutting down freightage charges. It is estimated that it will be able to carry 1000 cars, as shown in the drawing.



ANATOLIA, TURKEY. EARTHQUAKE WRECKAGE IN THE STREETS OF FETHIYE, THE SMALL TURKISH PORT, WHICH WAS SEVERELY DAMAGED BY THE EARTHQUAKES OF APRIL 24.

On April 24 brief but violent earthquakes caused severe damage in south-west Turkey, opposite the island of Rhodes, in the towns of Fethiye, Marmaris and Mugla. Fatal casualties were originally given as sixteen, but were believed to be much higher. H.M.S. *Dainty* sailed to Fethiye to render assistance on April 28.



MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. LENIN'S OWN MOTOR-CAR—A ROLLS-ROYCE—BEING EXPLAINED TO VISITING SCHOOLCHILDREN BY LENIN'S CHAUFFEUR.

The eighty-seventh anniversary of Lenin's birth was celebrated throughout Russia on April 22 and marked by a number of awards. This photograph taken in the Lenin Museum throws an interesting light on the revolutionary's taste in transport.



THE NETHERLANDS. THE NEW POLDER OF EAST FLEVOLAND EMERGES FROM THE IJSELMEER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF APRIL 25, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE PUMPING.

In September last year the gap was closed which cut off the 133,500-acre polder of East Flevoland from the former Zuyder Zee. Since then pumping has gone forward and this largest of land reclamation schemes goes forward rapidly. It is expected to be dry fairly soon, but full cultivation may take about seven years.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. A "TENNIS-COURT" ATOMIC POWER STATION, BUILT FOR TRANSPORT TO REMOTE MILITARY BASES, PHOTOGRAPHED AT FORT BELVOIR.

This small atomic power station, built by American Locomotive Products, Inc. (ALCO), is of the same type as that which is being sold and distributed by the British firm of Humphreys and Glasgow, Ltd., and which was illustrated in a diagrammatic drawing published in our issue of March 9 this year.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



CALCUTTA, INDIA. NEAR ONE OF THE MAIN RAILWAY STATIONS: A CAMP SET UP BY BENGALI REFUGEES FROM PAKISTAN.

Nearly 9000 Bengali refugees from Pakistan, who were being resettled in the adjoining province of Bihar, have deserted their camp and returned to Calcutta. Some of them are living in squalid poverty on this open space near one of the main railway stations.



THE VATICAN, ITALY. THE POPE IMPARTING HIS BLESSING, *URBI ET ORBI*, TO A VAST CROWD IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE ON EASTER SUNDAY.

On Easter Sunday the Pope delivered his traditional Easter message and Blessing, *urbi et orbi*, from the central balcony of St. Peter's to a crowd of more than 200,000 people, and to a much larger audience tuned into television and sound broadcasts in many countries.



VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA. AFTER A DISASTROUS FIRE ON APRIL 15: THE STILL-BURNING RUINS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED.



VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA. AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FIRE: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STAYED IN 1951.

A disastrous fire on April 15 totally destroyed Government House, for more than half a century a landmark and showplace of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. The Lieutenant-Governor, Group-Captain F. M. Ross, escaped unhurt.



JORDAN. A DISASTER IN WHICH TWENTY-SEVEN BRITISH SERVICEMEN PERISHED: THE WRECKAGE OF THE VALETTA AIRCRAFT WHICH RECENTLY CRASHED NEAR AQABA.

On April 17 a R.A.F. *Valella* transport aircraft, carrying troops who were being evacuated from Jordan, crashed shortly after taking-off from Aqaba. There were no survivors and altogether twenty-seven British servicemen lost their lives. A court of inquiry was opened on April 19.



JORDAN. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE OF THE VALETTA, WHICH WAS CARRYING TROOPS WHO WERE BEING EVACUATED FROM JORDAN.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ATHENS. PART OF A DEMONSTRATING CROWD OF STUDENTS IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS, CARRYING BANNERS AND SHOUTING SLOGANS ON THE DAY OF ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS' ARRIVAL.



ATHENS AIRPORT. ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (CENTRE) STRETCHING OUT HIS HAND TO THE CROWD WHICH WELCOMED HIM ON ARRIVAL. ON HIS LEFT, ARCHBISHOP DOROTHEOS, PRIMATE OF GREECE.



NICOSIA, CYPRUS. THE ARCHBISHOP'S THRONE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN, NICOSIA.



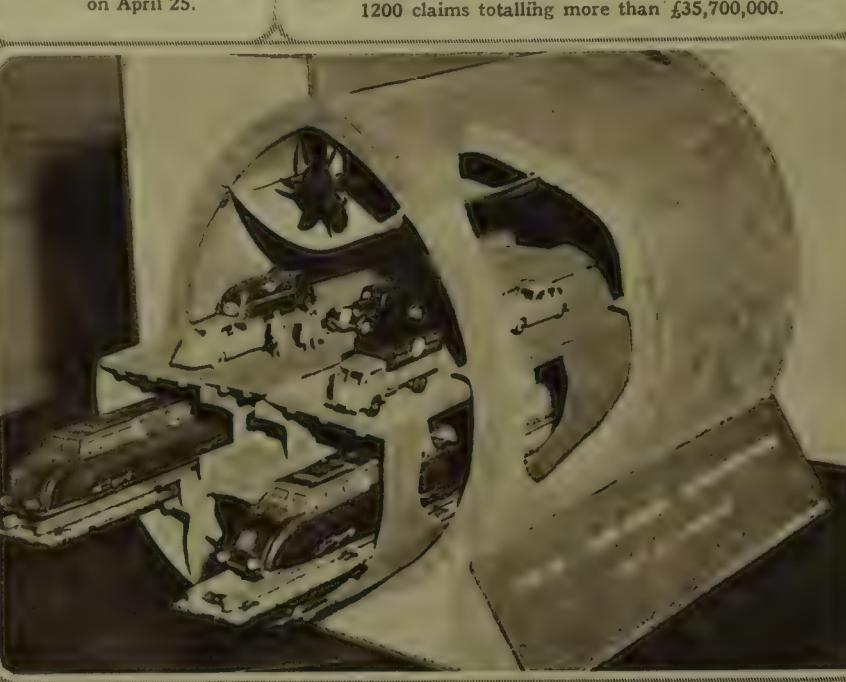
ATHENS. AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN ATHENS, ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (LEFT) EXCHANGES THE KISS OF GREETING WITH ARCHBISHOP DOROTHEOS, PRIMATE OF GREECE. On April 17 Archbishop Makarios arrived by air in Athens from Nairobi, after his exile in the Seychelles and was accorded a most impressive greeting. He was met at the airport by Archbishop Dorotheos, the Foreign Minister, and two other Ministers; and in a speech to massed crowds in Constitution Square showed little sign of any compromising attitude over the question of Cyprus. Consultations between the Archbishop and Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister, which were interrupted by the Easter festivities, were resumed on April 25.



OFF NANTUCKET, U.S.A. A BOBBING OIL DRUM, WHICH MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE ITALIAN LINER *ANDREA DORIA* SANK AFTER COLLISION WITH THE SWEDISH *STOCKHOLM*. The hull of *Andrea Doria* which lies on the bottom some 45 miles south of Nantucket Island, after her sinking last July, has already been visited by an amateur diver. Heavy insurance claims by passengers and shippers are at present under discussion between various lawyers, the original 1200 claims totalling more than £35,700,000.



LE HAVRE, FRANCE. THE JENNER ROAD TUNNEL—ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING ASPECTS OF THE REBUILDING OF THE TOWN. AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE IN THE TRANSLUCID CANOPIES COUNTS THE TRAFFIC BY KINDS, FOUR-WHEELED, TWO-WHEELED AND PEDESTRIAN.



THE CHANNEL TUNNEL. A MODEL OF THE DESIGN BY THE FRENCH ENGINEER, M. BASDEVANT, FOR A CHANNEL TUNNEL WHICH WOULD INCORPORATE ROAD AND RAIL TRACKS, VENTILATION AND DRAINAGE TUNNELS.

THE 1957 ROYAL ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

I.—A CHURCHILL PAINTING AND OTHER WORKS FROM THE SUMMER EXHIBITION.



"SIENA PALIO: LA SELVA CONTRADA": A VIVID PAINTING BY LORD METHUEN, A.R.A., OF THIS COLOURFUL AND THRILLING EVENT IN THE PIAZZA DEL CAMPO AT SIENA.



"THE CUMULUS CLOUD," BY ALGERNON NEWTON, WHO WAS ELECTED R.A. IN 1943.



"SUMMER CIRCUS," BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.A., WHO HAS TWO PAINTINGS AND FOUR WATER-COLOURS IN THIS SUMMER EXHIBITION. HIS WORK HAS BEEN KNOWN TO READERS OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.



"PADDINGTON CANAL": ONE OF THE TWO STRIKING PAINTINGS OF LONDON LANDMARKS BY DAVID THOMAS.



"EVE, YASMIN AND AN UNFINISHED PICTURE": A CHARACTERISTIC PAINTING BY SIR W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., WHO WAS BORN AND EDUCATED IN EDINBURGH AND CAME TO LONDON IN 1900.



"BLACK SWANS AT CHARTWELL," BY SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, HON. R.A. EXTRAORDINARY: HIS ONLY PAINTING IN THE EXHIBITION. (Reproduced by courteous permission of Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P., Hon. R.A. Extraordinary.)



"CHARTRES CATHEDRAL: NORTH PORTICO": A WATER-COLOUR BY SIR ALBERT E. RICHARDSON, R.P.R.A., WHO WAS PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY FROM 1954-56 AND IS PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE AT THE R.A.

On this and the following four pages we show a selection of the paintings, water-colours and sculpture which are in the 189th Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The exhibition opens at Burlington House, Piccadilly, to-day (May 4) and continues until August 18. There are over 1500 exhibits,

of which, as usual, the great majority are by non-members. Since 1947 a popular feature of the Summer Exhibition has been the work shown by the Honorary Academician Extraordinary, Sir Winston Churchill, and this year we are again privileged to reproduce his contribution to the exhibition.

II.—AT THE 1957 ROYAL ACADEMY: PAINTINGS OF SPORT, INDUSTRY AND LONDON.



"HENLEY ROYAL REGATA": A PAINTING OF THE MOST COLOURFUL OF ENGLISH ROWING EVENTS BY CHARLES CUNDALL, R.A., WHO HAS WORK IN THE TATE GALLERY AND OTHER PUBLIC COLLECTIONS. HE IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.



"DINNER ON THE HOTEL LAWN": ONE OF THE COOKHAM REGATTA SERIES ON WHICH STANLEY SPENCER, R.A., HAS BEEN WORKING FOR SOME YEARS. THIS PAINTING WAS INCLUDED IN A RECENT LONDON EXHIBITION.



"INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE": A PAINTING BY L. S. LOWRY, A.R.A., WHICH IS VERY SIMILAR TO ONE HE SHOWED IN LAST YEAR'S SUMMER EXHIBITION. HE HAS EXHIBITED WIDELY IN THIS COUNTRY AND ABROAD.



"NORTHERN LANDSCAPE," BY RICHARD EURICH, R.A. THIS PROVIDES AN INTERESTING COMPARISON WITH MR. LOWRY'S INTERPRETATION OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCENE.



"A NEWMARKET START: CRIES OF 'NO, NO, SIR! NO, NO, SIR!'''", BY SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, P.P.R.A., WHO HAS BEEN EXHIBITING SINCE 1898 AND WAS PRESIDENT FROM 1941-49. LAST YEAR AN EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK WAS SHOWN IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY.



"THE THAMES FROM WHITEHALL COURT," BY COSMO CLARK, A.R.A., WHO HAS SIX WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION. COSMO CLARK STUDIED ART AT THE GOLDSMITHS' COLLEGE, THE ACADEMIE JULIAN IN PARIS, AND THE R.A. SCHOOLS.

The painting of our landscape has long held an important place in the work of the English school and has provided many of its greatest achievements. The foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768 coincided with the earliest developments of the "Industrial Revolution," which has done so much to

alter the character of the landscape in this country. It is most interesting to find that artists such as Mr. Lowry and Mr. Eurich have been able to draw inspiration from the industrial landscape now predominant in parts of the country, and to make it a factor in the great tradition of landscape painting.

III.—AT THE 1957 ROYAL ACADEMY: SCENES OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.



"CAMPO S. MARGHERITA, VENICE": A WATER-COLOUR BY HENRY RUSHBURY, R.A., WHO HAS BEEN KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SINCE 1949.



"TOWARDS GLYNDE, SUSSEX": A FINE LANDSCAPE PAINTING BY GILBERT SPENCER, A.R.A. LIKE HIS ELDER BROTHER, STANLEY SPENCER, HE STUDIED AT THE SLADE SCHOOL.



"DANGEROUS CORNER": A CHARACTERISTIC WORK BY CAREL WEIGHT, A.R.A., WHO OFTEN PAINTS SUCH GAUNT AND EFFECTIVE STREET SCENES. HE WAS ELECTED A.R.A. IN 1955 AND HAS WORK IN A NUMBER OF PUBLIC COLLECTIONS.



"COMPOSITION, 1957": ONE OF THE LAST PAINTINGS BY JOHN MINTON, WHO DIED IN JANUARY AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-NINE. CONSIDERED AMONG THE MOST GIFTED OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF ARTISTS, HE DID MUCH WORK IN THE FIELD OF STAGE DESIGN AND BOOK ILLUSTRATION.



"STRAND ON THE GREEN," BY RODNEY J. BURN, A.R.A. HE WAS ELECTED IN 1951 AND IS A TEACHER AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART.



"A WELSH HOMESTEAD," BY OLIVER HALL, R.A. HE WAS ELECTED R.A. IN 1927, AND HAS FIVE OTHER WORKS IN THIS SUMMER EXHIBITION.

Oil paintings are to be found in twelve of the seventeen galleries at Burlington House, and as usual form the greater part of the Summer Exhibition. This year, as last, Gallery VIII is devoted largely to the work of the younger generation of artists, few of whom follow the strictly traditional style usually

associated with the Royal Academy. Among the artists represented in this group are John Bratby, Alistair Grant, Bryan Kneale and Edward Middle-ditch, each of whom has three works on view. Thus the Summer Exhibition does provide a very wide impression of painting in this country to-day.

IV.—AT THE 1957 ROYAL ACADEMY: SOME OF THE PORTRAITS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



"MRS. HELEN C. BENTWICH, CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, 1956-57," BY HENRY LAMB, R.A., A TRUSTEE OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.



"HIS MAJESTY KING FEISAL II OF IRAQ": A PORTRAIT STUDY BY B. FLEETWOOD-WALKER, WHO WAS ELECTED R.A. LAST YEAR.



"THE RIGHT REV. H. C. MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL, M.C., D.D., BISHOP OF LONDON; BISHOP OF GUILDFORD, 1949-56," BY B. FLEETWOOD-WALKER, R.A.



"H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, K.G., GRAND PRIOR OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM," BY SIMON ELWES, A.R.A.



"HARRY WHEATCROFT, ESQ.": A STRIKING PORTRAIT OF THE WELL-KNOWN ROSE-GROWER BY A. R. THOMSON, R.A.



"H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS," BY PETER GREENHAM, A.R.A.



"THE LATE CARDINAL BERNARD GRIFFIN, SIXTH ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER," BY ALLAN GWYNNE-JONES, A.R.A., WHO IS ON THE STAFF OF THE SLADE SCHOOL OF ART.



"EDWARD GROVE, ESQ.": A RECENT PORTRAIT BY AUGUSTUS E. JOHN, O.M., R.A., WHO DID NOT EXHIBIT IN LAST YEAR'S SUMMER EXHIBITION



"FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O.," BY JAMES GUNN, A.R.A., PRESIDENT, ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

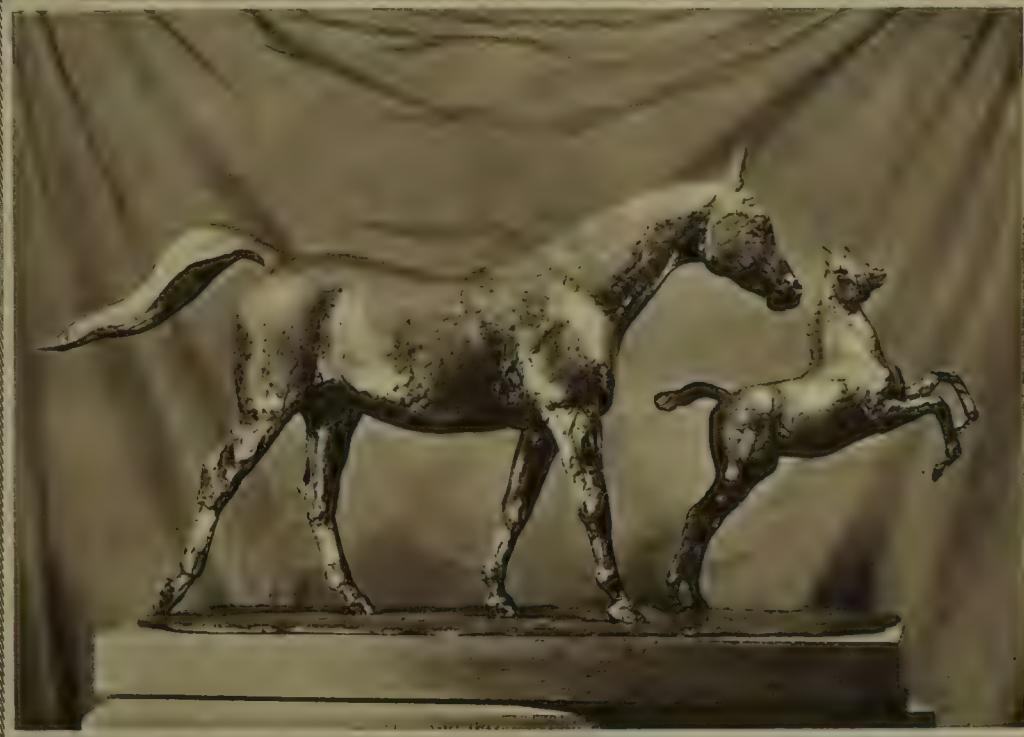
V.—AT THE 1957 ROYAL ACADEMY:
A SELECTION OF SCULPTURE.



"BULL'S HEAD": A STRIKING SCULPTURE IN CIMENT FONDU BY ALWEN M. HUGHES. THIS IS EXHIBITED IN THE LECTURE ROOM, WHERE MUCH OF THE SCULPTURE IS SHOWN.



"'MUMTAZ MAHAL,' FOALLED 1921; BY 'THE TETRARCH' OUT OF 'LADY JOSEPHA'": A BRONZE BY THE WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR OF HORSES, HERBERT HASELTINE. (Photograph by M. Routhier, Paris.)



"ARABIAN MARE AND FILLY": A BRONZE STATUETTE-GROUP BY HERBERT HASELTINE, WHO HAS BEEN WORKING IN PARIS FOR MANY YEARS. (Photograph by M. Routhier, Paris.)



"STEPHEN IN A HAPPY MOOD": A DELIGHTFUL BRONZE BY WILLIAM BLOYE, WHO ALSO HAS A BRONZE BUST IN THE EXHIBITION.



"RECLINING FIGURE": AN OUTSTANDING BRONZE BY ULI NIMPTSCH, WHICH HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE R.A. UNDER THE TERMS OF THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

Mr. Charles Wheeler, the President of the Royal Academy, is the first sculptor to hold this distinguished office, though sculpture has long been well represented in the Summer Exhibitions at Burlington House. This year some 200 pieces are included in the exhibition, most of which are shown in the Central Hall and the Lecture Room. Mr. Wheeler's principal exhibit, the

proposed "Madonna and Child," for Manchester Cathedral, is illustrated on page 716. Another outstanding piece in the Lecture Room is the fine "Reclining Figure," by Uli Nimptsch, on which he worked from 1953-56. This sculptor was born in Germany and settled in this country in 1939. An exhibition of his work is to be seen at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, until May 11.



AT THE START OF HER LONG VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: MAYFLOWER II, FOLLOWED BY A FLOTILLA OF LAUNCHES, BEING TOWED FROM PLYMOUTH BY THE TUG TACTFUL.

About 5 p.m. on Saturday, April 20, following a civic farewell ceremony held earlier in the day, *Mayflower II* left Plymouth to start her voyage to Plymouth, Massachusetts. Owing to weather and tide conditions, she was towed out of the harbour, her tug being *Tactful*. The departure of *Mayflower II* was followed by a small flotilla of launches, with spectators from the shore were several thousand sightseers, who were reported as watching the event with "relaxed appreciation." However, following the rain of the earlier part of the day, the sun unexpectedly emerged from the clouds to give the good ship and her gallant crew a warm farewell as they moved out of Plymouth Sound, and a large motor-yacht

sounded an impressive farewell with her siren. A short time after leaving Plymouth, *Mayflower II*'s orderly departure was interrupted when a stragaway, said to be Bill Lewis of Rosedale, East Sussex, the shipwright, dashed out and attempted to board the vessel. *Mayflower II*'s sails were set when she was some ten miles out to sea in the vicinity of the Eddystone Light. In the morning Commander Villiers, captain of *Mayflower II*, had come ashore and a ceremony to mark the ship's departure was held at the Mayflower Steps at the Barbican. The ceremony was attended by the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, and accompanying Commander Villiers was Mr. Warwick Charlton, the founder of the Mayflower project. In spite

of heavy rain, which pelted down upon all those present, Commander Villiers was presented with a chip of the original Plymouth Rock, to accompany *Mayflower II* across the Atlantic, and afterwards made a stirring speech. He referred to his ship as "a good tough ship of Devon oak," and said it was arrant nonsense to say there was only a fifty-fifty chance of her arriving in America. "What our forbears did for five centuries we can do again." The Lord Mayor's chaplain pronounced a blessing which included a reference to the Pilgrim Fathers: "They set forth in faith in God and belief in freedom of conscience," and the Lord Mayor quoted Sir John Hawkins' words: "Serve God daily, love one another,

preserve your victuals, beware of fire and keep good company." After the health of the crew had been drunk in "Mayflower" sherry from ancient municipal loving-cups, Commander Villiers, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, was rowed back to his ship in a Jacobean-style four-oar gig. For the Atlantic crossing, which at best could be achieved in about a month, *Mayflower II* was stocked with enough provisions for eight weeks. The ship finally went out of sight of the English coast early on April 22. At the time she was sailing at a steady three or four knots in a light northerly wind, and a last farewell was signalled to her from the Lizard coastguard station.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.

A YEAR IN THE ANNALS OF A PERSIAN TRIBE.

"THE LAST MIGRATION": By VINCENT CRONIN.*
An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

A YEAR or two ago I read and reviewed in this place a book by Mr. Cronin (whose name was, until then, unknown to me) called "The Golden Honeycomb." It related to Sicily and its author travelled through space and time at once, remembering the chequered and multi-coloured history and legend of the island and, in his narrative, interweaving them, with graphic intensity, with records of contemporary scenes and sounds. The rich, but delicate and shimmering, fabric he produced remains an enchanting memory with me. He has now attempted another great effort of the controlled imagination. His setting, this time, is Persian, and, in spite of the wealth in Persia of monuments which Herodotus might have known, mosques in which Omar may have ruminated and gardens in which Hafiz may have sung, his focus is mainly on the Persia of to-day. But trust him to make an indirect approach! I shall believe him capable of writing a straight, uncomplicated "travel-book" when he publishes one. But not until then.

He read, in Hakluyt, a description by that great traveller, Anthony Jenkinson, of Persia as a country "inhabited with pasturing people, which dwell in the Summer season upon mountaines, and in Winter they remoove into the valleyes without resorting to townes or any other habitation: and when they remoove, they doe journey in caravans or troops of people and cattell, carrying all their wives, children and baggage upon bullocks." This inflamed Mr. Cronin's imagination. He learned that five million Persian tribesmen still led that old Spartan but healthy kind of life, their self-contained economy reinforced by the odd gazelle picked up on the march. He decided to march with a tribe, and record a migration. He surmounted hurdle after hurdle, each more difficult than the last, until he reached Shiraz. There he found that tribal lands were definitely barred to him, accumulated all the information he could obtain, and has now described the migration he never saw of a tribe whose name he has had to invent, under the leadership of a devoted man who certainly seems real in his pages.

The book makes delightful, frequently emotional, and frequently exasperating, reading. But, owing to its nature, the dispassionate reader cannot be quite sure to what a degree he ought to be exasperated. Had Mr. Cronin's experience been first-hand, had he not compiled it from random conversations, sedulously sought and connected, and from sojourns in places merely on the frontiers of the vast territory of semi-desert mountain and plain which is the theatre of his action, one could have taken his story as evidence, and formed one's opinions (not that they would have had the slightest effect on events in Persia or the actions of U.N.O.) accordingly. But the old saying is also a wise one: "What the soldier said is not evidence." Mr. Cronin is so palpably a truthful man as well as an idealist (the combination is rarer than might be desired) that one's inclination is to think him utterly accurate, down to the smallest detail, in his account of the conflict between a partly Westernised, and industrialised, and corrupt (because officially grossly underpaid) group of gangs, political and military, in Teheran, and several millions of tribesmen in the South who

were merely following their immemorial "way of life," had settled into their frame, and were content with it. I dare say it is accurate: but where is the proof? The pig-farmers of England may have (and, according to a neighbour of mine, they certainly have) just grievances against the bureaucrats in Whitehall, which is our Teheran, Moscow, or Delhi. But how could I listen to an exponent of his woes who had to admit that he had never seen a pig-farm or a pig?

So we must leave it at that. The Marxist Juggernaut, the biggest of all Monopolistic and Capitalistic Juggernauts which time has ever known, has steam-rollered all the settled peasants in the Ukraine and other countries behind the Iron Curtain. This is no new thing (Shah Reza, whom we dethroned and sent to Johannesburg, wanted to make all Persia "modern" and uniform), for such philosophies, with fantastic unrealism, are set on pinning the millions of tribesmen to the land.



WHERE THE PILGRIM FATHERS EMBARKED IN MAYFLOWER OVER 300 YEARS AGO: THE ENTRANCE TO SUTTON POOL, PLYMOUTH, DEVON, SHOWING THE STONE-CANOPY (LEFT CENTRE) COMMEMORATING THE PILGRIMS' DEPARTURE.

Photographs of Plymouth by Douglas P. Wilson, D.Sc., F.R.P.S.

The stone piers at the entrance to Sutton Pool which are shown above were built in the eighteenth century near the site of an earlier causeway from which the Pilgrim Fathers embarked in *Mayflower* on September 6, 1620. In recent years a stone commemorating the Pilgrims' departure was placed in one of the piers. Near it is a commemorative tablet and over this has been erected a canopy, which can be seen above. On April 20 *Mayflower II* left Plymouth to begin her voyage to America. On arrival there, she was to be presented to the United States as a gift from the people of Britain.



THE COMMEMORATIVE STONE (SET IN THE PAVEMENT) AND CANOPY AT PLYMOUTH, DEVON, SITUATED NEAR THE SPOT FROM WHICH THE PILGRIMS DEPARTED. THE PLAQUE ON THE LEFT COMMEMORATES AN EARLY TRANSATLANTIC AIR CROSSING BY AN AMERICAN.

It is no good the tribesmen replying that their flocks and herds can get pasture for only half the year in the Lowlands and for the other in the Highlands (a fact known to every Swiss cowkeeper): "No," is the stern answer, "You settle down in that waterless place, you can find water if you try, the land will grow plentifully if you try, and we shall get Le Corbusier to build you houses, to be paid for out of the taxes you will pay to us on the strength of your increased yield."

I dare say it is again as it was in Shah Reza's time. Like many another Englishman, I have found my contact with Persians restricted to a

few scholars, with an intimate knowledge of the old poets, and a few politicians, speaking excellent French and dressed, in the Occidental manner, either by Savile Row, or by the traditional equivalent in Paris, "Hig-lif." Those are the people who are internationally perceptible, and who seem to have as little conception of, or sympathy with, the way of life, habits and thoughts of the systematic wanderers in their "Deep South" as the ordinary Englishman has. However, we need not treat Mr. Cronin's description of tribal government and migration as an official report. It is a pleasure to read and must certainly leave a residue of fact in the mind—as did James Morier's delightful "Hajji Baba of Isphahan" over a century ago.

In some regards—though Mr. Cronin is not quite so light of tread as Morier—there is much in common. For one thing there is the liveliness of the first-hand descriptions of local life, and for another there is, though

coupled with an appreciation of much that is noble and beautiful in Persian life, an acute enjoyment of the stratagems, the corruptions and procrastinations, of a certain section of the inhabitants of Persia, especially the official ones. Mr. Cronin's amusement is more reluctant than Morier's; after all, Morier was producing one more Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and was looking for fun, whereas Mr. Cronin, baulked and obstructed and delayed at every turn, came to the point at which (as the saying goes) he "simply had to laugh."

Obstruction is not the only source of Mr. Cronin's more amusing pages. He describes quite ludicrously the invasion of tribal land by a group of officious foreigners anxious, and honestly anxious, to introduce the nomads to a "Way of Life" not theirs, talking a lot of quite irrelevant nonsense, and not even, in the end, surrendering to the local atmosphere as the American Torch-bearers, in "The Tea-House of the August Moon," gradually surrendered to the Japanese "Way of Life." And he has pictures of the strange mental clashes between the "emancipated" *nouveaux riches*, the Western innovators, and the honourable traditionalists. This passage may be illuminating—Ghazan being the superb and tolerant tribal chief, thoroughly versed

in European habits and customs, and ultimately faced with the prospect of extinction for his hundred-thousand tribe, and bitter exile for himself.

"And the windscreens washes itself," added Madame Akemi. "But we can use it very seldom. My husband has so many responsibilities. Every week he speaks in the Majlis. His latest speech caused quite a stir."

Ghazan asked what its subject had been.

"Water," said the politician, and fixed Ghazan with a visionary's gaze. "A foreign company has contracted to lay pipes in Tabriz. It intends to exploit us—everyone realises that—but only I had the sense to see how. It is charging us twice too much by doubling the amount of pipes."

Ghazan showed interest. "You mean, they're siting the works at a distance?"

Akemi looked at his wife in triumph. "Not at all. Something much more subtle: they propose to lay two sets of pipes, one containing drinking water, the other sewage and waste. I pointed out that one set was ample: water could be pumped through them by day, and the waste by night. No one wants water when they're asleep."

"What did the Assembly say to that?"

"I received a good deal of support. Now work has been suspended and the matter referred to a special committee, of which I am Chairman. Two sets of pipes indeed: what fools do they take us for!"

I wish I had room for the rest of this episode, which is complicated and revealing.

I wish, also, that there had been illustrations in the book.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 748 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. VINCENT CRONIN. Mr. Vincent Cronin, who was born in 1924, is a son of A. J. Cronin, the well-known author. He was educated at Ampleforth, Harvard and Trinity College, Oxford. During World War II he served with the Rifle Brigade. He is the author of "The Golden Honeycomb" (1954) and "The Wise Man from the West" (1955).



A STREET WHICH HAS CHANGED VERY LITTLE SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PILGRIMS: NEW STREET, PLYMOUTH. NEAR HERE THE PILGRIM FATHERS SPENT THEIR LAST NIGHT IN ENGLAND.

LAST DAYS OF A FAMOUS SHIP: H.M.S. AMETHYST.



THE DAY BEFORE HE TOOK OVER COMMAND OF AMETHYST: LIEUT.-COMMANDER KERANS WITH LIEUT.-COMMANDER PACKARD, U.S.N. (MEDICAL), IN FRONT OF AN H.Q. OF THE CHINESE NATIONALIST NAVY ON THE YANGTSE.



APRIL 22, 1949: MISS DUNLAP AND A CHINESE NURSE FROM THE AMERICAN MISSION HOSPITAL, TENDING WOUNDED FROM AMETHYST AT CHENCHIANG RAILWAY STATION.

HER GREAT EXPLOIT; AND HER LAST MOORINGS.



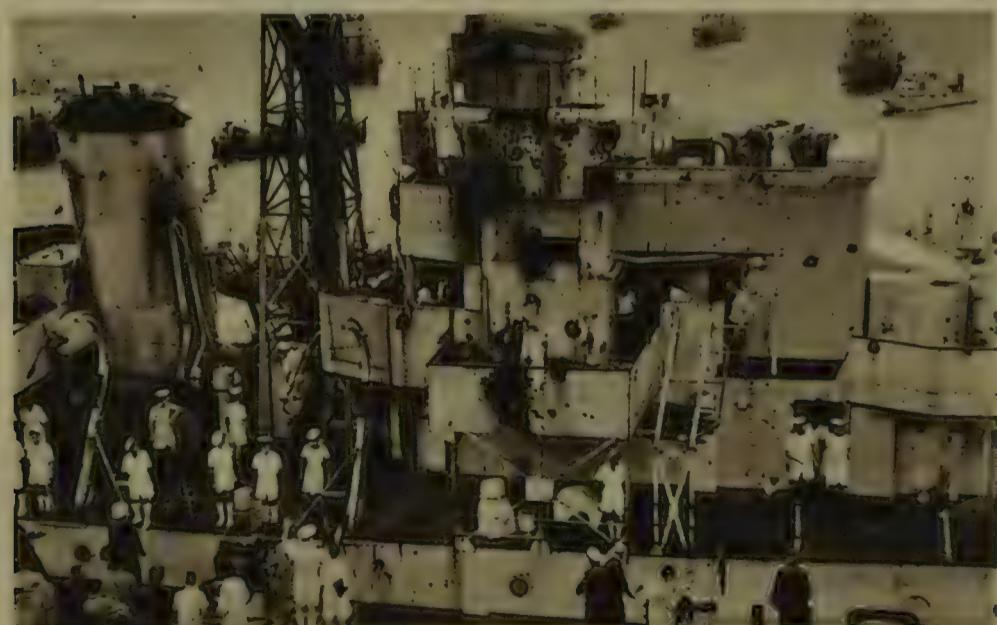
AT TAKANG ON APRIL 21, 1949: LIEUT.-COMMANDER KERANS AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER PACKARD, U.S.N., DISCUSSING THE BEST ROUTE TO AMETHYST WITH THE NATIONALIST REGIMENTAL COMMANDER OF THE AREA.



EIGHT YEARS AFTER: THE FAMOUS ROYAL NAVY FRIGATE H.M.S. AMETHYST IN A BREAKERS' YARD AT PLYMOUTH.



AFTER HER REMARKABLE DASH DOWN THE YANGTSE: H.M.S. AMETHYST AT HONG KONG.



SHOWING HER BATTLE SCARS: A VIEW OF AMETHYST AFTER HER ARRIVAL AT HONG KONG ON AUGUST 3, 1949. SHE HAD BEEN DAMAGED BY COMMUNIST SHELLFIRE.

The hero of the film "Yangtse Incident," the famous Royal Navy frigate H.M.S. *Amethyst*, is now being broken up at Plymouth. She was reprieved last year so that she could take the leading rôle in the film. The top three photographs on this page, which have not been published before, have been sent to us by Major R. V. Dewar-Durie, who in April 1949 was the Assistant Military Attaché at the British Embassy in China, then at Nanking. When the news that *Amethyst* had been attacked by Communist shellfire and was aground in the Yangtse reached the British Embassy, Lieut.-Commander



APRIL 1957: H.M.S. AMETHYST WITH HER BOWS CUT AWAY AS SHE IS BROKEN UP AT SUTTON POOL, PLYMOUTH.

John S. Kerans, then the Assistant Naval Attaché, was sent overland to organise the evacuation of the wounded. He was accompanied to the scene by Major R. V. Dewar-Durie, who knows Chinese. The wounded were removed from *Amethyst* on April 22 and Lieut.-Commander Kerans was ordered to get on board and take command, as her former commanding officer, Commander Skinner, had died of wounds received during the attack. It was in August 1949 that *Amethyst* ran the gauntlet of the Chinese Communist guns and made her most memorable escape down the Yangtse.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

IN our issue of March 2 last was published a double-page of drawings, in the series Nature's Wonderland, No. 8. This one depicted the various ways in which animals transport their young. One of the drawings has aroused a fair degree of criticism, embodied in half a dozen letters from readers, as well as some spoken criticism. These protest that while woodcock have often been seen carrying their young between the thighs, the idea that the young are carried on the back is pure myth. For my own part I am glad to have received these letters, since several of them contain first-hand observations of woodcock, and one, from Mr. W. S. Medlicott, contains a very useful eye-witness sketch of the event. Although I have often watched woodcock, it has not been my good fortune to see one carrying its chicks, either between the thighs or on the back.

My authority for the second method, the one which Neave Parker depicted in March, is, nevertheless, well-founded. Thus, in the "Handbook of British Birds," the most comprehensive, authoritative and up-to-date work on British ornithology, we read (p. 186, Volume IV) : "Carrying of young by parents is well established as a regular, if infrequent, habit. They are held between the legs, most usually between the thighs and often pressed against the breast, but sometimes lower down and apparently held by the feet, though whether they can be really gripped by the claws, as some observers thought they saw, seems doubtful. Occasionally, probably if the hold is insecure, extra support may apparently be given by bill or depressed tail. Transport on back has also been recorded in a few cases. A number of instances are well authenticated of parent being seen to return to take a second, third and even fourth young one, and these clearly establish that the action is not accidental." [The italics are mine.]

Frank Lane has amplified this in a special chapter on birds flying pick-a-back, in his "Animal Wonderland" (1948). On page 135 he remarks : "The most famous instance of pick-a-back flying with young occurs with the woodcock. In the past this has been disputed by many ornithologists, but it has now been witnessed a sufficient number of times by reliable observers to put it beyond serious question." He recalls that J. W. Seigne, probably the greatest British authority on the woodcock, reports having seen the parent woodcock fly in this way with its young on several occasions when there was no possibility of doubt. Moreover, Arthur Cleveland Bent, in his "Life Histories of North American Shore Birds" (1927), quotes several instances for American woodcock.

If these authorities are not enough, we have the results of the Woodcock Enquiry, 1934-35, organised by the British Trust for Ornithology. In their report seven instances are given in which woodcock were reported to have been seen with young being transported on the back of a parent. In his report on the enquiry, W. B. Alexander wrote : "... correspondents have quoted cases where swans, partridges and grouse, as well as woodcock, have been seen flying with young on their backs."

I am on common ground with the critics of Neave Parker's drawing in that I tend to question

BIRDS FLYING PICK-A-BACK.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

anything I have not seen or experienced at first hand. Further, the older I grow, and the more I see of erroneous statements repeated dogmatically, and the more I check on established truths at first-hand and find them wanting, the less am I inclined to accept anything at its face value. Here, however, the evidence seems to me overwhelmingly in favour of acceptance. At the very least we can say that if woodcock do not carry their young on their backs then we have the most substantial reasons for being in error about it. Or, to quote Charles Kingsley : "No one has a

her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings. . . ."

The biblical quotation has been supported in recent years by two observers. In both instances, a golden eagle was seen to take a youngster out of its nest, allow it to drop about 90 to 150 ft. before swooping down under it, allowing it to land on her back, repeating this several times. A trumpeter swan has been seen carrying a cygnet which, every now and then, was taking-off and flying back to the parent after a short period for a rest. George H. Mackay describes shooting a young sandhill crane which, slightly wounded, fell to the ground and after a struggle managed to become airborne. The parent then assisted its weakened flight by placing itself under the youngster so that

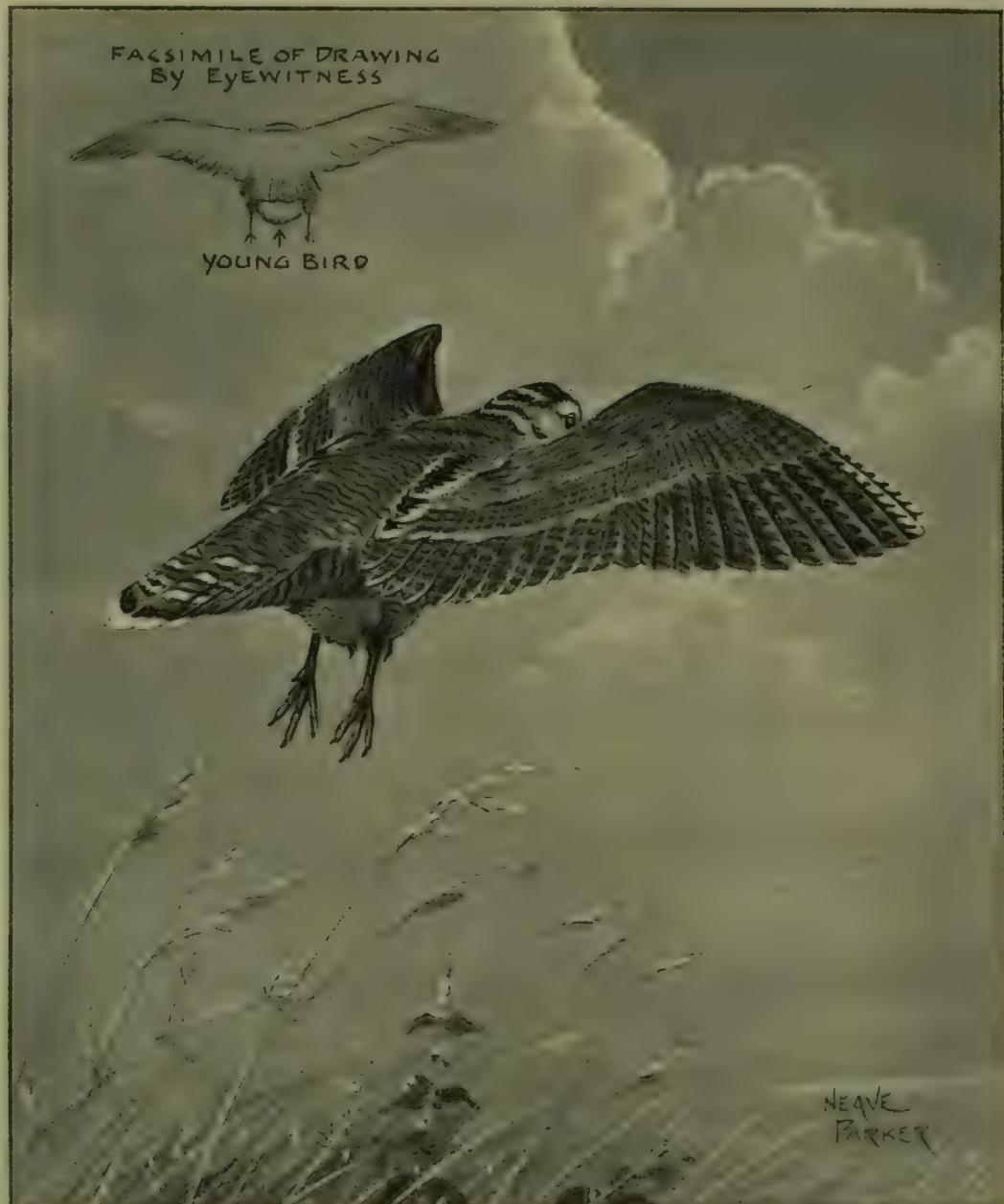
its feet rested on her back while it continued to flap its wings. A wounded Canada goose is reported to have been helped in a similar way.

There are traditional stories from several parts of the world of small birds riding pick-a-back on larger birds while on migration. One of the most persistent of these, and the one for which there is the greatest body of evidence, concerns the goldcrest wren using the back of the short-eared owl for transport in the last stages of migration. When one remembers how weary migrating birds will land on some part or other of a ship, there seems no reason to suppose that they may not use a large flying object for the same purpose.

Then comes the question, how far can this collateral evidence be accepted? For my own part, I can believe in it as a result of two first-hand observations. One occurred when a group of sparrows was mobbing a kestrel. As they flew overhead one of the sparrows alighted on the kestrel's back, and the latter was compelled to flap its wings over its back to dislodge the sparrow, thereby rapidly losing height. This, and the harassing attentions of the remaining sparrows, threw it into confusion and it speedily made off, leaving the small birds well in the rear. At no time, until the kestrel flew off, was it more than 20 ft. from me. In other circumstances, it is possible to visualise a small bird, on its own, so that there was no distracting effect on the larger bird, alighting gently and not aggressively, as did the sparrow, so that the larger bird would hardly be aware of its presence. Certainly, I would regard it as not impossible for such a tiny bird as the goldcrest to accomplish this on the back of an owl.

The second episode also concerns the house-sparrow. While I was looking over the parapet of a 90-ft.-high roof, a

young sparrow flew by. It was evidently not long out of the nest and its flight was feeble. Suddenly a full-grown sparrow flew by and under the youngster, at the same time adjusting its speed so that it was able to escort it to its landing place. Having rested there for a while, the youngster took-off again and the performance was repeated. There can be little doubt that had the young bird faltered in its flight, the parent bird would have been in the correct position to catch it on her back and transport it to safety. I am in no doubt as to the accuracy of my observation, since when the birds first passed me they were no more than 6 ft. below me, and all the time were well within range of close observation.



ONE OF SEVERAL BIRDS REPORTED AS CARRYING THEIR YOUNG THROUGH THE AIR: A WOODCOCK IN FLIGHT, WITH ITS YOUNGSTER HELD BETWEEN ITS THIGHS.

Several species of birds are reported as carrying their young through the air on occasions. One of these is the woodcock, which usually grips its youngster between its thighs. A second method reported is that of flying with the young on its back. This idea is of very long standing and has been frequently referred to as a myth, but the number of records of it, and the standing of those who are responsible for them, strongly suggest that there must be occasions when this method of transportation is employed. This latter method was shown in our issue of March 2 in the eighth of Mr. Neave Parker's double-page drawings in our series "Nature's Wonderland," and it gave rise to some correspondence and a number of criticisms which are discussed by Dr. Burton in his article on this page. One of these letters was sent by Mr. W. S. Medlicott and contained a useful eye-witness sketch (a facsimile of which is given at the top of the above drawing) of a woodcock gripping its youngster between its thighs.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.

right to say that water babies don't exist until he has seen them not existing, which is a very different thing from not seeing them existing."

It is easy enough to see woodcock not carrying their young on their backs: it is less easy to see them never carrying them. If, therefore, we still feel a lack of faith in the authorities quoted, we may find support in collateral evidence. The first step should be to enquire which other birds have been reported as carrying their young in this way. Here Frank Lane has sifted the evidence and presents us with a summary in the book already quoted. As he points out, one of the earliest references is in Deuteronomy (chap. 32, verse 11): "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over



ABOUT 55,000,000 MILES AWAY AND WITH A TAIL SOME 15,000,000 MILES LONG : THE AREND-ROLAND COMET, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ASCOT OBSERVATORY ON APRIL 24.

It was thought possible that the newly-discovered Arend-Roland comet might be visible in England from April 15, but low cloud near the horizon prevented any observations for the first few days from that date. On April 19 it was seen from Angus, eastern Scotland; and on April 21 from Norfolk and Suffolk. On April 22 there were reports of observations from many places including Armagh, the Isle of Man, Shetland, central and western Scotland and Yorkshire. On April 23 this field of observation grew larger and included Cheshire, Hertfordshire and north London; and by April 24 it was seen from a wide area of Great Britain and was clearly visible to the naked eye in London. It was on this night that the photograph we reproduce was taken by

Dr. R. L. Waterfield from his observatory at Ascot. The photograph was made in blue light with an exposure of forty minutes on an astrographic camera. As the camera is adjusted to follow the comet during the period of exposure, the individual stars show as short lines of light and these lines, indeed, show the movement of the comet in relation to the stars. This photograph, besides showing the head and immensely long tail of the comet, also shows (bottom left) the "beard" of the comet drawn out in the direction of the sun. In theory this comet was expected to remain visible well into May, but it was thought that after about the first week of that month observation would be difficult owing to the light of the waxing moon.



BRITISH AND U.S. WEAPONS OF THE NEW ERA OF ROCKET WARFARE; AND

Details of R.A.F. preparations to introduce into service new robot weapons were given in a memorandum published on April 25. Although manned V-bombers and manned fighters would continue in service for a long time to come, a new type of bomb is to be introduced, and the R.A.F.'s first missile station is to be established at North Coates, Lincolnshire. At the Air Ministry a new organisation, led by Air Vice-Marshal D. G. Morris, to speed up the introduction of defensive guided missiles and associated radar equipment, and to integrate them with existing defence systems, is being set up. On

the following day it was disclosed that the Navy was to be equipped with a new 1500-m.p.h. atom bomber, the Blackburn NA.39, with new fighter aircraft, and with the Sea Slug guided missile. Numbers of British helicopters are to be delivered for anti-submarine work and a new and far more powerful Aids apparatus for detecting submarines has been produced. Among the more advanced ground-to-air missiles being developed for the R.A.F. is the Bristol-Ferranti 'Bloodhound', which is claimed by its makers to be a complete defence system. Encouraging progress is being made with the air-to-air

Drawn by our Special Artist.



THE NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINE EQUIPPED TO LAUNCH GUIDED MISSILES.

missiles, the *Firfiash* and the *Firesreak*. Among the offensive weapons being developed for the Air Force are the stand-off bomb, which is carried by aircraft and released a considerable distance from the target, winged piloted bombers and ballistic missiles with ranges of up to 2000 miles and more. Another naval development, which is being planned in America, is the nuclear submarine with apparatus for launching guided missiles. Perhaps the most important advantage of such submarines is that when numbers of them are widely dispersed at sea they are almost immune to the sudden

and treacherous Pearl Harbour type of attack, which in these days might severely cripple the land-based defences of a nation. A nation with a fleet of the new submarines at sea, however, need not be afraid in time of war to retaliate can be destroyed. The advantages of sudden aggression on a large scale are thus greatly lessened and the deterrent effect of high-powered nuclear weapons is correspondingly increased, thus making peace more secure. Little appears to be known about Russian progress with this important, new type of submarine.



I HAVE been to Northwood, where, at Oxhey Woods House, two enthusiasts, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pinto, have divided their home neatly into two by slicing it through horizontally and have arranged in a series of rooms on the ground floor a remarkable museum of every conceivable kind of small wooden object which was once in current domestic use and which changing fashion and the march of time have now made obsolete. Stated thus the collection may sound not only formidable but dreary; in fact, the several thousand little bits and pieces of which it is composed are so



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE MORE BAFFLING EXHIBITS IN THE COLLECTION OF WOODEN OBJECTS AT OXHEY WOODS HOUSE: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LARK LURE, PROBABLY ITALIAN.

ingeniously arranged and so imaginatively documented that walking through it is rather like turning over the pages of an illustrated appendix to Trevelyan's "Social History." Here are the actual things, from gingerbread moulds to nutcrackers, from snuff rasps to wig-stands, from travelling medicine-chests to stay-busks, which were the ordinary adjuncts of existence until quite recent times. The emphasis is on use rather than on art (though art breaks in occasionally), and I am quite sure that no collection of this sort has ever been brought together before covering so wide a range. It is not surprising that its importance has long since been recognised by the Ministry of Education and that everyone from the historian to the craftsman in wood is delighted with it.

Here are a few photographs which give some idea of its multifarious interests. The majority of the things are fairly familiar—then, round a corner, one is confronted with this or that which is completely baffling. How many, for example, who glance at this page will be able to identify the strange object of Fig. 1? It is a seventeenth-century Lark Lure, probably Italian. The crescent-shaped cross-piece is studded with small squares of glass. The stake was driven into the ground and the sportsman [sic] concealed himself in a neighbouring hedge. By pulling the cord he caused the crescent to revolve rapidly; the scintillating light attracted the lark, who flew down to investigate. Result, lark pie! Fig. 3, which belongs to the section agreeably labelled "Vanity Fair," is a carved boxwood H comb from Italy or

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WOODEN MILESTONES.

the south of France, and a favourite type of love-token. On this example, the hand grasps an arrow about to pierce a heart and, so that the message should be doubly clear, the owner of the hand wears his heart on his sleeve. The shape of these combs was inevitably determined by the limitations of the material; teeth had to be cut in the direction of the grain, widths were narrow, and a wide strengthening bar, as here, had to be left between the two sets of teeth, the fine and the coarse.

Among the manifold torments of women, which the poor dears presumably accepted without complaint because they didn't know any better, were those monstrous great cuirasses held together by what can best be described as wooden frames—that is, by wooden stay-busks (Fig. 2). Rustic lovers would whittle away suitable pieces of wood and present them to their girl friends, adorned with simple geometric designs and a heart or two, and sometimes with a fairly lengthy inscription, such as:

WHEN THIS YOU SEE PRAY THINK
ON ME
THO MANY MILES WE DISTANT BE
ALLTHO WE ARE A GREAT WAY
APART
I WISH YOU WELL WITH ALL MY
HEART. 1783.

The earliest specimen in wood has recently joined the collection, inscribed:

AS A RING IS ROUND AND HATH
NO END
SO IS MY LOVE TO THE MY FRIEND
BATTIE 1660
AGNES

The stay-busks are comparable with, though far less elaborate than, those other love-tokens, the Welsh love-spoons, though the custom was not confined to Wales but was fairly common in parts of Switzerland and Scandinavia. They were love-tokens from inarticulate wooers and, if accepted, it was understood that the affair might become serious. The majority belong to the nineteenth century, and the earliest in the collection is dated

which has thirty-one small spoons attached to its necessarily broad stem, and I find it impossible to believe that even in the depths of Welsh Wales any young man would have such ambitions or that there could be any young woman so dim-witted as to encourage him.

About a hundred nutcrackers display an extraordinary variety of types, the best of them mostly French, Italian or Flemish, some of them very fine examples of the woodcarvers' skill, notably one of "Hercules Astride the Lion," dated 1570. A point I have to admit had not occurred to me was that Brazil nuts were unknown in Europe



FIG. 2. PICTURESQUE BUT USEFUL LOVE-TOKENS: A GROUP OF WOODEN STAY-BUSKS CARVED BY "RUSTIC LOVERS" WITH SIMPLE GEOMETRIC DESIGNS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

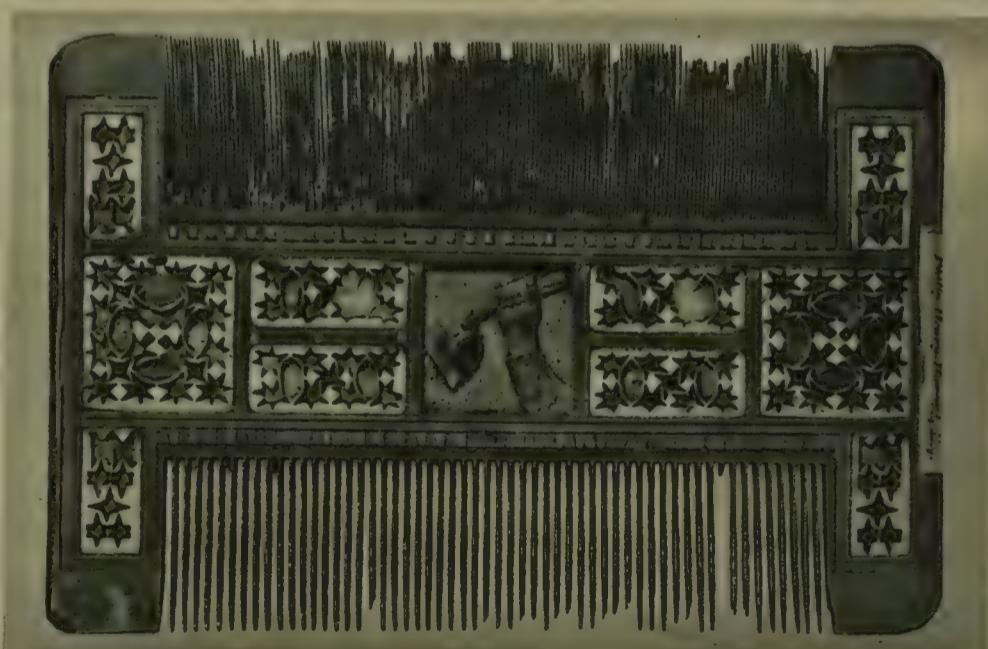


FIG. 3. "A FAVOURITE TYPE OF LOVE-TOKEN": A MEDIEVAL CARVED BOXWOOD H COMB FROM ITALY OR THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

In his article this week Frank Davis writes about the interesting collection of "every conceivable kind of small wooden object which was once in current domestic use" which has been formed by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pinto. This "remarkable museum" is open to the public from April 1 to September 30 at Oxhey Woods House, Oxhey Drive, Northwood, Middlesex. It is on view on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays from 2 p.m. to 6.45 p.m.

July 18, 1720. The usual material is sycamore. Naturally enough, a heart is the most common symbol. Twin bowls on a single stem are said to mean "We two are one"; a keyhole denotes "My house is yours"; a spoon in the shape of a spade implies "I will dig the earth for you." Some of them have several bowls sprouting from a single stem. There is a theory that this indicates a wish for a large family. I believe nothing of the sort, but that the carver was merely trying his skill. There is one example in the collection

until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Consequently, until then, boxwood crackers were sufficiently strong to cope with the ordinary thin-shelled cobs and filberts.

Among the many objects which can be classed as fine rather than as peasant art are some small boxes, of boxwood or pearwood, carved in low relief with foliage, flowers, birds, etc., usually associated with the name of Cesar Bagard, of Nancy (1620-1709), and an excellent and characteristic example of *intarsia*—that is, the making of pictures by means of the grain, figuring and natural colour of various woods. When John Evelyn visited Bologna in 1645 he noted "Thence to St. Dominic's, where the saint's body lies richly enshrined. The stalls or seats of this goodly church have the history of the bible inlaid with several woods very curiously done, the work of one Fr. Damiano di Bergamo and a frier of that order." The Pinto example from the hand of Fr. Damiano is of the Annunciation, dated 1536.

But there is no end to the variety of this collection, which, in addition to its domestic, has also a scientific angle—for instance, so great a rarity as a set of "Napier's Bones" engraved on boxwood (whence came logarithms), a boxwood slide rule of 1775 and an inlaid sundial and compass box, designed to give readings in various parts of the world and believed to have been made by Charles Bond, of Dieppe, between 1670 and 1680. Altogether, decidedly a place to visit—and more than once.

FIFTEEN WEEKS UNDERGROUND.



PART OF THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER WHERE MISS JORDAN CLAIMED SHE WAS KEPT PRISONER FOR FIFTEEN WEEKS.



THE ENTRANCE, SITUATED IN A GARDEN SHED, TO THE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER IN WHICH MISS JORDAN LIVED.

ON April 21 police rescued Miss Marjorie Jordan from an underground chamber in a back garden in Lewisham. They found the chamber, which was under a garden shed, after receiving a note calling for help which had been picked up in a neighbouring garden. Miss Jordan, a Beckenham shop assistant, aged twenty-eight, who had been missing from her lodgings since January 8, claimed that a man had forced her to accompany him to the underground cell and had detained her there and made her work for him. She said she had written appeals for help previously, had tried to attract attention by screaming, and had made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. Miss Jordan appeared to be in good health when rescued. On April 23, a Mr. John Bridal, aged twenty-six, who lives at the address where Miss Jordan was found, went to Lewisham Police Station to help police with their enquiries.



AFTER HER RELEASE FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN CELL: MISS MARJORIE JORDAN, WHO IS A SHOP ASSISTANT FROM BECKENHAM AND IS AGED TWENTY-EIGHT.

A TINTORETTO CLEANED; AND WILLIAM BLAKE.

THE re-hanging of the Vestibule at the National Gallery has made it possible to put on exhibition there at eye-level the great "Christ Washing His Disciples' Feet," by Tintoretto (1518-94). Since the war this painting had been hung, under glass, high over the entrance staircase. It has now been cleaned and the extensive overpainting has been removed. This large painting was acquired from the collection at Hamilton Palace in 1882, but it is not known how or when it entered that collection nor when the overpainting was done. It was almost certainly painted for S. Trovato in Venice, where there is now a copy of it, as pendant to another picture of "The Last Supper" from Tintoretto's own hand. The painting is shown here before and after its cleaning and it will be seen that an outstanding result of the removal of the overpainting has been the revelation of the strong floor originally painted by Tintoretto. Also some of the objects on the floor, notably the cat, had been considerably enlarged by the restorer who did the overpainting. On April 29 the National Gallery announced the acquisition of "A Winter Landscape," by Esias van de Velde, from the current exhibition at the Slatter Gallery. This small painting, which is now hung in the Duveen Room, was illustrated on page 511 of our issue of March 30.



BEFORE (TOP) AND AFTER CLEANING: "CHRIST WASHING HIS DISCIPLES' FEET," BY TINTORETTO, WHICH IS NOW HUNG AT EYE-LEVEL IN THE VESTIBULE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 80 by 160 ins.)



IN THE IMPORTANT "BLAKE NOTEBOOK" RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM: A PAGE WITH TWO SKETCHES FOR "THE GATES OF PARADISE," 1793.

A PAGE WITH A SELF-PORTRAIT. THE NOTEBOOK IS INCLUDED IN THE WILLIAM BLAKE BICENTENARY EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TO mark the bicentenary of the birth of William Blake (1757-1827) an extensive exhibition, "William Blake and His Circle," has been arranged at the British Museum, and may be seen in the Print Room for at least the next nine months. This exhibition, which contains a number of loans from outside the Museum's own collection, fully illustrates Blake's development and his relationship to the circle of artists among whom he worked. Included in the exhibition is the "Blake Notebook," which has very recently been presented to the British Museum by the late Mrs. Frances White Emerson of Cambridge, Massachusetts. This notebook had belonged to Blake's brother "Bob," who died in 1787. It was then constantly used by William Blake for poems, sketches, memoranda and prose drafts. Every one of its fifty-eight leaves is filled with entries made at various times down to 1818.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE obvious comment on the question of hens in the garden would be, I suppose, that hens in the garden are the very devil.

But perhaps it would be fairer to the hens to qualify by saying that they can be the devil, if and when they escape from confinement and find their way to the seed-beds, or among the adolescent lettuces. But poultry are, and should be such an immensely important factor in the running of any garden that I make no apology for discussing them here. I have done it before, so why not again? In fact, I will risk telling of an incident which I feel almost certain that I recounted on this page a few years ago.

It was late summer, and the asparagus-beds had just been "cleared"—that is, the tops with their crop of scarlet berries had been cut down and carried off to the compost-heap. Imagine, then, my fury when I noticed that my whole gossip of hens had escaped from their run, and were busily employed on the asparagus-beds—the most holy ground in the whole garden. I have known men who, under less provocation, would have gone for a gun and blazed off both barrels right into the brown of those busybody malefactors. Fortunately I exercised exemplary restraint and, instead of rushing into blood-bath tactics, did a few minutes' quiet bird-watching. To my astonishment I discovered that the hens were actually weeding my garden for me, and not only that, they were gathering up the weed seeds before they had even had time to germinate. In removing the asparagus tops, hundreds of the scarlet berries—every one of them full of seeds—had become scattered all over the beds. The hens' motives in gathering these potential weeds were not, of course, altruistic: They were eating the berries with evident relish, so I left them at their useful ploy until all had been consumed, and my volunteer weeders began scratching up the beds. At that point they were conducted back to their run.

The problem of self-sown and unwanted asparagus seedlings springing up among the parent plants is a tiresome one. It is almost impossible to prevent the ripe berries falling when the tops are removed, and gathering them up by hand is a tedious job. So why not allow the hens to combine business with pleasure? The best plan is to delay giving them their morning meal for a few hours, so that they are really sharp-set for the work, and then drive them gently to the asparagus-beds, and give them half an hour for breakfast there. They love it. And, by the by, driving a gossip of hens from point to point in the garden, unarmed, is an exasperating and almost hopeless job. They keep dashing off at all angles. But take a 5- or 6-ft. stick in each hand and you could shepherd them safely and quietly down Piccadilly in the rush-hour. It is miraculous what control over the silly creatures those two long sticks give one.

My present poultry plan is to keep half a dozen or so hens on what I believe is called the deep-litter system. They live in an open-fronted

HENS IN THE GARDEN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

shed fitted with a wire-netting front to fox the foxes. In the front half they can enjoy sunshine, whilst the back portion is in shade. The floor is covered with a deep bed of straw litter, in which they enjoy almost non-stop exercise, scratching for the corn which is their morning meal. In late afternoon they have a crumbly-dry mash of household scraps, middlings, and balancer meal. And I give them immense quantities of raw green stuff, cabbage, lettuce, and so forth. As a sheet-anchor for when other green food is scarce, I grow a row of spinach-beet, a vegetable which I detest myself but which the hens relish greatly. For this purpose it is invaluable, a non-stop-ever-ready-cut-and-come-again marvel. I think, however, that there must be great virtue in grass as a hen diet. In spite of the great quantities of varied green stuff that I give them, my hens keep a sharp look-out for any opportunity for slipping out of their shed if I leave the door open. Out

mash-meal, and make a dash for the door and the grass outside if they happen to notice that the door is ajar.

Perhaps the most important function of hens in relation to the garden is the rich nourishment they contribute to fruit, flowers and vegetables. Not content with converting household scraps into eggs, they process a larger proportion of the surplus roughage in their diet into what, if bought in a bag labelled "guano," would cost goodness knows what. In other words, droppings.

Every now and then the hen shed is cleaned out. The deep straw litter, well broken up by everlasting scratchings, and heavily enriched with droppings, is wheeled away to the compost-heap. Perches are scraped and, with the floor, well limed. Then a fresh deep bed of straw litter is put down, in which the hens wade around with a quite ridiculous sort of heather step, until in the course of a week or so it has become trodden and broken down to more comfortable going.

I wish I could discover the cause of and cure for the curse of soft-shelled eggs. I have in the past consulted two scientists on this matter, but got no real help. The first was the late Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, who was the secretary of the Zoological Society of London. His only suggestion was on the lines of "a hair of the dog." He advised me to crush egg-shells and feed them back to hens in their mash. This struck me as somehow too simple and primitive, even from so distinguished a scientist as F.R.S. as Mitchell. Perhaps he was just pulling my leg. Anyway, I did not put his suggestion into practice. The other scientist with whom I discussed the soft-shelled egg problem was the late Professor Wood Jones. He told me a great many interesting things about the way of a hen with an egg, but not the particular thing I wanted to know.

For instance, I had never realised exactly how, and in what position an egg is launched. Without thinking much about it, I had vaguely imagined that, like a boat, it proceeded sharp-end first. Not so. The egg is extruded on the same principle as an orange-pip when it is shot from between finger and thumb by muscular pressure from behind.

But as to the shell business, Wood Jones confessed that he was nonplussed. In fact, he told me that the formation of the shell, which takes place very rapidly a very short while before it is laid, was a miracle which he had never been able to fathom. Fortunately, only one of my present gossip of hens lays soft-shelled eggs. I give them oyster-shell and assorted grit, and even add lime flour to their mash. Perhaps in this case it is a constitutional peculiarity of that particular hen. But whatever it is, it's a great nuisance. Not only is it the loss of an egg a day, but either she or her companions eat the egg, and in doing so they smother the sound eggs with eggy "goo." Distinguished scientists having failed me in this matter, perhaps I would be well advised to follow the suggestion of an aged country gaffer. He has recommended a very simple neck operation.



"HIT LOOK LAK SPARRER-GRASS, HIT FEEL LAK SPARRER-GRASS, HIT TAS'E LAK SPARRER-GRASS, EN I BLESS EF 'TAIN'T SPARRER-GRASS"—TO QUOTE FROM "UNCLE REMUS": THE CHOICEST PRODUCT OF THE SPRING GARDEN, WHICH, MR. ELLIOTT CLAIMS, CAN BENEFIT FROM THE MINISTRATIONS OF HENS.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

In his article on April 20, Mr. Elliott stated that gardens were open under the National Gardens Scheme from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on weekdays, 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. on Sundays. These hours should be 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. on weekdays and 2 to 7 p.m. on Sundays.

they dash, making straight for weed grasses growing just outside, which they devour with almost frenzied greed. In fact, so keen are they on grass, that they will leave the usual scramble for the

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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**PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE
AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.**



A FORMER EDITOR OF THE TIMES DIES:
MR. W. F. CASEY.

Mr. W. F. Casey, who died on April 20, was Editor of *The Times* from 1948 until 1952. He was seventy-two. Mr. Casey was called to the Irish Bar in 1909. At this period he also wrote a number of plays, and joined *The Times* in 1913. He worked for the paper in Paris, Washington, Geneva and Spain. From 1941 until his appointment as Editor he was Deputy Editor.



**NEW WORLD CHESS CHAMPION : VASILY SMYSLOV,
WHO DEFEATED BOTVINNIK AT MOSCOW.**
Vasily Smyslov, who is thirty-six, became the seventh chess champion of the world when, on April 27, he defeated Mikhail Botvinnik in the last game of the world championship match at Moscow. Botvinnik, the former champion, is entitled to a return match next year, in which he could regain the title. The game ended in a draw after eleven moves, and the final score was Smyslov 12½ and Botvinnik 9½.



**SUCKED OUT OF A SMASHED AIRLINER WINDOW
AND KILLED: MR. J. R. NASH.**
Mr. Jack Rodney Nash, aged thirty-two, of Memphis, United States, was sucked out of the window of an Air France *Super Constellation* airliner over Iraq on April 20, when a window broke at about 18,000 ft. Mr. Nash's body was found by an Iraq police patrol south of Kirkuk, in Northern Iraq. Mr. Nash is reported to have been sleeping with his head resting against the window when the glass smashed.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF
RHODESIA: LORD DALHOUSIE.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, it was announced on April 24. Lord Dalhousie, who is forty-two, succeeds Lord Llewellyn, the first Governor, who died in January, and will take office later this year. He was M.P. for the County of Angus from 1945 to 1950. *Portrait by Bertram Park.*



APPOINTED A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL:
MR. JUSTICE PEARCE.

Mr. Justice Pearce, who is fifty-six, has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal and a member of the Privy Council. He has been a High Court judge since 1948, the year in which he was knighted. Sir Edward Pearce, who was educated at Charterhouse and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1925 and he took silk in 1945.



TWO NEW R.A.F. APPOINTMENTS: LEFT, AIR VICE-MARSHAL D. G. MORRIS, AND RIGHT, GROUP CAPTAIN J. A. LEATHART.

Air Vice-Marshall D. G. Morris, Senior Air Staff Officer, 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force in Germany, is to command the new organisation at the Air Ministry which is being set up to "co-ordinate and speed up the introduction of defensive guided missiles." Group Captain J. A. Leathart, who commands the Air Defence Operations Centre at H.Q., Fighter Command, is to command the R.A.F.'s first missile station, which is now being built in Lincolnshire. The appointments were announced on April 25.



KILLED IN AN AIR CRASH : MISS J. L. BIRD,
THE WELL-KNOWN WOMAN PILOT.

Miss Jean Lennox Bird, who was killed when a Miles *Aerovan* aircraft she was piloting crashed shortly after taking-off from Ringway Airport, Manchester, on April 29, was a well-known woman pilot and was the first pilot in the W.R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve to be awarded full R.A.F. wings. She was forty-four. Two photographers were also killed in the crash.



APPOINTED A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: LORD MIDDLETON, LORD
LIEUTENANT FOR THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

The Queen has appointed Lord Middleton, Lord Lieutenant for the East Riding of Yorkshire, a Knight of the Garter. He served in both world wars, and is Chancellor of Hull University. The appointment, with Lord Ismay's, was announced on April 22.



**TEMPORARY PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE
DUKE OF EDINBURGH: MR. J. B. V. ORR.**
The Duke of Edinburgh has appointed Mr. James B. V. Orr as his temporary Private Secretary; he is to begin his duties on May 7. Sqn. Ldr. H. Chinnery, who has been carrying out the duties of secretary, will revert to his duties as Equerry. Mr. Orr, who is thirty-nine, was educated at Harrow and at Gordonstoun (where the Duke was at school), and has been in the Kenya Police since 1954.



APPOINTED A KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER :
LORD ISMAY, WHO IS RETIRING FROM HIS N.A.T.O. APPOINTMENT.
The Queen has appointed Lord Ismay a Knight of the Garter. Lord Ismay is retiring from his appointment as Sec.-Gen. of N.A.T.O. During the last war he was Chief of Staff to Sir Winston Churchill, and became Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations in 1951.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HAPPY RETURNS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

BY this time, "Titus Andronicus," once so inaccessible, is a crag that many adventurers have reached. I will not call it a peak, but it offers a stiff and unexpected little climb in the remote foothills of the Shakespeare range: Mount Lear rises high above it, into the blue.

On Shakespeare's Birthday, at the Old Vic, we set out for it again, with Walter Hudd as guide. Since such a figure as this can be worked too hard, let me say, merely, that when the play—though not the evening—was over, we had to thank Mr. Hudd for a remarkable experience.

By now, with the director's name duly varied, I have said much the same thing three or four times after a "Titus." The fact is that the neo-Senecan shocker, often dire on the page, does come through in performance. We used to be told that an audience would be either in spasms of laughter or fainting in heaps. Well, I cannot account for a slight disturbance in the Old Vic circle about half-way through the Birthday night—possibly the fainting of someone whose imagination had been unprepared—but I can report, on the other hand, that there were only three laughs during the two hours. Mr. Hudd managed even to freeze us during the Thystean banquet.

Having written before of "Titus" in *The Illustrated London News*, I need not linger on the way in which its verbal crudities can assume tragic power. Shakespeare wrote always for the stage: he can never be judged from the study alone. At the Vic, I was thinking more in terms of the Marlowe Society's Cambridge revival, and of Wilfrid Grantham's vivid production for radio, than of Peter Brook's Stratford "Titus" of 1955: something that has every reason to be called definitive. Such a production as Brook's can come once only during a life. Sir Laurence Olivier and a Stratford company are shortly taking a replica to the Continent, and we shall see it later in London. Exciting as the prospect is, I doubt whether we can ever feel again the precise *frisson* of the night of August 16, 1955: something established for ever in the record of the British theatre.

Mr. Hudd, in his wisdom, has not sought to match this. He does not try to establish Brook's remote, eerie, almost lunar world of Rome, as I called it twenty months ago. There are neither atmospherics nor *musique concrète*. We do not pass into the upper air of great acting. What we do get is a fine, full-bodied, straight-driving performance, one that does honour to this "strolling fellowship of players," the "cry" that—according to Mr. Hudd's ingenious plan—arrives in some inn-yard during the autumn of 1593. There it presents "Titus Andronicus," with "The Comedy of Errors" as an after-piece.

The set is a wooden framework, roughly-carpeneted, with gallery, wide double doors, and sweeping steps. The players use such costumes and properties as a strolling company (I must say, a well-equipped one) would find. From the first these gallant souls—I like to think of them as the "pomping folk" they would have been called in the Cornwall of my parents' youth—get down to business without needless fuss, clapping into it roundly, offering a straight, firm performance, with the horrors suggested, not elaborated.

Titus Andronicus himself is "a noble Roman." Derek Godfrey, erect and silver-bearded, can match the epithet. Here is the veteran martial stoic, forced over the edge by blow upon blow. It is carried through relentlessly—an endurance test for a young actor—though Mr. Godfrey does not find what there is in such a line as "brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy," and the text (arranged by John Barton) omits altogether the speech that Olivier so impressed upon us at Stratford, with its now-famous "I am the sea; hark,

how her sighs do flow." I do not think that Mr. Godfrey brings off his sudden jagged laughter. His best moment is the whimper, after the Clown has gone, when Titus, we feel, can bear no more.

The cutting has also taken "O, had the monster seen those lily hands Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute." But that we lost, too, at Cambridge and at Stratford; and indeed we may

Queen of Goths, Empress of Rome, a superb performance by an actress who seizes a part, and who never lets go. Her scarlet Tamora is fury incarnate. She can even get a sense of true horror into the last minutes of that fearful banquet (I was glad, by the way, to observe Titus's un-Cornish pronunciation of "pasty"). This is something that Mr. Hudd has produced with uncommon theatrical art as one dagger-stroke follows the next, and, among the drum-rolls, the bodies are neatly disposed: it is, so to say, an exercise in the choreography of murder.

On the Birthday night the curtain did not fall, for "The Comedy of Errors" was to be acted shortly afterwards in the same set, soon lantered, garlanded, and backed by a star-pierced sky. I cannot agree with a redoubtable colleague who found the wild hour of "The Comedy" tedious. True, it was less funny than one might have gathered from the laughter. (The audience was releasing its emotions after "Titus".) But it is done with quick, delighted gusto, and it is a relief to find the piece not merely a director's hullabaloo. In recent years it has been the custom to impose a joke upon a joke. Mr. Hudd does let Shakespeare have his own fun, except in a scene when Robert Helpmann, as the conjuring Pinch, is too consciously riotous.

Otherwise, all goes with a swoop. I shall not forget Barbara Jefford, as the Courtesan, attacking her aspirates ("Hie home to his house") while wearing what looked to me like Tamora's dress. Aegeon, too, is fettered with a chain that has previously bound various Goths and Romans. These strolling players know their task, and if the incidental poetry of "The Comedy of Errors" goes for little, we need not be too ungrateful. After all, the piece is an "intricate impeach"—the Duke's phrase, and he should know—a skein of cross-questions and crooked answers, something that Dowden once called the flashing to and fro of dragon-flies. Mr. Barton has cut it with ease: I missed only the protracted map-comparison for Dromio of Syracuse.

True, while the crazy epistle from the Ephesians is already fading, "Titus" burns in the mind. That is inevitable. All said, it is fantastic to have brought off the double event with so much success. Our Birthday toast must be, I think, to Walter Hudd. "A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt." Mr. Hudd has never staggered for a moment.

Happy returns, also, at Stratford-upon-Avon. There the returning play is "King John," not done at a Festival since 1948. Again, this is a chronicle that rises invariably from its text. The Stratford production, directed by Douglas Seale with all his feeling for the pulse and throb of the chronicles (soon he is to do "Richard the Third" at the Old Vic) takes the Memorial Theatre stage in splendour. Robert Harris brings his voice to the King; Joan Miller (actress of surging attack) weeps with Constance. Even so, the Bastard Faulconbridge must govern the play like a summer gale. Alec Clunes is now the voice of England: I cannot imagine the part invested with more authority and character.

It is grievous, after this, to reach Jean Genet's "The Balcony" (Arts), a cheap and nasty bit of symbolism set in a brothel. It would have been enlivened by the presence of the Courtesan from "The Comedy of Errors," or of the woman in retirement so wittily touched off by Rose Hill in "Harmony Close" (Lyric, Hammersmith), a little musical piece that has, alas, been altered for the worse since it was done in the provinces. "The Lovebirds" (Adelphi) calls itself a "laughter-and-nonsense show." Ronald Shiner and Dora Bryan, who spend most of the evening being startled out of their wits, are in it; much must depend upon your personal reaction to a farcical fantasy about a talking budgerigar.



"THE STRATFORD PRODUCTION, DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS SEALE . . . TAKES THE MEMORIAL THEATRE STAGE IN SPLENDOUR": A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "KING JOHN," WITH ALEC CLUNES AS FAULCONBRIDGE (LEFT) AND ROBERT HARRIS IN THE TITLE ROLE.



"A FINE, FULL-BODIED, STRAIGHT-DRIVING PERFORMANCE": THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "TITUS ANDRONICUS," WHICH IS FOLLOWED IN A DOUBLE BILL BY "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS." THIS SCENE FROM THE FORMER SHOWS TITUS ANDRONICUS (DEREK GODFREY; RIGHT) AND TAMORA (BARBARA JEFFORD; LEFT) WITH AARON, HER ATTENDANT MOOR (KEITH MICHELL).

wish, as it is, that Marcus Andronicus would turn from his run of classical conceits to fetch a surgeon for his niece. Ingrid Hafner keeps Lavinia's pathos (was there ever a heroine more to be pitied?). Probably I shall remember, above anything else, Keith Michell's sulphurous Aaron—this actor grows in power—and, especially, Barbara Jefford's

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE GLASS CAGE" (Piccadilly).—J. B. Priestley's play, acted by a Canadian company and set in Toronto during 1906. (April 26.)
"SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL" (New).—Ray Lawler's Australian play, with an all-Australian cast. (April 30.)

A CELEBRATION AND A COMMEMORATION!
NOTABLE RACEGOERS; AND OTHER NEWS.



CELEBRATING 250 YEARS AT 181, PICCADILLY: FORTNUM AND MASON'S FAMOUS STORE IN THE YEAR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION, 1837. The London store of Fortnum and Mason, whose luxury goods are known for their excellence all over the world, is celebrating the 250th anniversary of its foundation in Piccadilly by William Fortnum and Hugh Mason in 1707.



THE CENTENARY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY: A VIEW OF THE SHELL-POCKED AND BATTERED KASHMIR GATE, IN THE NORTHERN WALL OF OLD DELHI. IT STANDS UNRESTORED AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS AS A MONUMENT TO THE ASSAULT ON THE CITY BY BRITISH FORCES IN SEPTEMBER 1857.



AT KEMPTON: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET SMILING AT W. CARR WHO WON THE 2000 GUINEAS TRIAL ON THE QUEEN'S COLT DOUTELLE. The Queen won the 2000 Guineas Trial for the third time running when her colt *Doutelle*, ridden by W. Carr, passed the Irish-trained *Super Snipe* a furlong from home to finish ahead of him at Kempton Park on April 20. During the afternoon the Queen, who was at Kempton with Princess Margaret, had another win with *Mulberry Harbour*.



SUCCESSOR TO WINSTON: THE SIX-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT POLICE HORSE *IMP*, WHICH IS TO CARRY THE QUEEN AT THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY, SEEN REHEARSING WITH THE GUARDS BAND AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE RECENTLY. THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE IS ON JUNE 13 THIS YEAR.

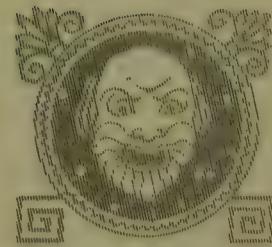


COMMEMORATING ANZAC DAY: A VIEW OF THE SHORT CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH, WHITEHALL, WHICH WAS FOLLOWED BY A SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand and representatives of the services were present at the Cenotaph ceremony on Anzac Day on April 25. Ceremonies of commemoration were held throughout Australia and New Zealand, there being especially large parades at Melbourne and Sydney.



IN THE PADDOCK AT SANDOWN PARK: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WEARING A FUR-COLLARED COAT, WHO WATCHED HIS HORSES WELSH ABBOT AND LE PRETENDANT RUNNING ON APRIL 27. EACH WAS PLACED THIRD.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

LUSH AND LIGHTHEARTED.

By ALAN DENT.

THE one called "Designing Woman," lushly directed by Vincente Minnelli, would seem an admirable light comedy if Mr. Gregory Peck could by any stretch of the audience's imagination be accepted as a light comedian. What was wanted for the sports-writer hero was the touch—the curious tough lightness—of poor Humphrey Bogart or of a younger Spencer Tracy. This character called Mike is rescued out of a drunken dilemma in California by a fashion-designer called Marilla, very agreeably and even wittily played by Lauren Bacall. The two have a whirlwind courtship and a lightning marriage. They are compatible enough in their very different ways, but their sets of friends, on the other hand, are utterly incompatible, and when the two sets clash on the same day the fat is in the fire. Mike likes playing poker with boxers and more or less shady sporting characters. Marilla likes to surround herself with artists, actors, dancers, and the smartest and most volatile sort of intellectual riff-raff. It is not made clear why Mike could not keep to his own apartment for his poker, or Marilla stay in hers for her chit-chat, especially since their combined incomes appeared to allow them to exist in circumstances of the most luxurious affluence.

But such a commonsense understanding would have deprived us of several amusing scenes when the two societies mingle catastrophically. What is much more likely is Marilla's discovery that there has been a young lady in Mike's past, and even in his present, who is called Lori and who dances for a living. She is convincingly presented as an ill-tempered but lovely minx by Dolores Gray (who delighted us in person for

course of time to accept with at least the appearance of courtly equanimity. But at ravioli one should—and I for one would—draw the line and let her have it.

In the course of this film Marilla penetrates as far into Mike's career as to accompany him to a boxing match, from the thick of which she is carried in a state of screaming hysteria. Mike incidentally falls foul of some racketty boxing promoters and has to be protected by a bodyguard,

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



"A PLAIN LITTLE GRUB" (LEFT) AND "A GORGEOUS LITTLE DRAGONFLY": AUDREY HEPBURN AS JO STOCKTON BEFORE AND AFTER HER TRANSFORMATION IN THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "FUNNY FACE."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "This time it is clearly and emphatically Audrey Hepburn. As the silly little heroine of 'Funny Face'—in the course of which she develops from a plain little grub to a gorgeous little dragonfly—she is the quintessence of roguish charm. Miss Hepburn who, on my only visit to Hollywood, tended to address me as 'Uncle' will not now call me a Wicked Uncle for saying all this! In this film she is merely marking time, of course, and she is not asked to give us any of the remarkable emotional quality she showed in 'War and Peace.' But no other young screen actress knows how to mark time so delightfully."



"A LITTLE BRITISH COMEDY"—BRITISH LION'S "THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH": A SCENE WITH THE THREE EMPLOYEES AT THE "BIJOU" (L. TO R.), OLD TOM (BERNARD MILES), QUILL (PETER SELLERS) AND MRS. FAZACKALEE (MARGARET RUTHERFORD).

(LONDON PREMIERE: LONDON PAVILION, APRIL 12.)

two years or so in "Annie Get Your Gun"). There comes a delicious scene in which Lori lunches with Mike and gives him momentarily to understand that she has forgiven him his marriage to another. She smiles deceptively, and he foolishly embarks upon a list of his bride's good points. This is summarily stopped by Lori quietly, firmly, and expertly tipping Mike's untouched plateful of ravioli into his lap—all of it, plate, tomato-sauce, ravioli, and all. What does Mike do? He sits like a sheep while Lori gets up and goes, and he then asks the waiter to find him a pair of trousers. Such gentlemanly humility in such circumstances is intolerable. I would have given much to see Mike immediately retaliate in kind, especially as Lori's ravioli, abundant and untouched, was on the table likewise. A rebuke, a smack, a scratch from the other sex—these things one learns in the

a punch-drunk ex-boxer who sleeps with his eyes wide open. This is clearly supposed to be a figure of fun. But he is played in so lifelike a style by Mickey Shaughnessy; and a character-study which is supposed to be funny is, for me personally anyway, so pathetic that it ruins the comedy of every scene in which he appears.

The film is really run away with by Miss Bacall. Her nose is a shade too pointed for complete charm, and her hair more than a shade too indeterminate in colour. But she is a pleasing shape and a cute little actress.

Pleasingness and cuteness with no sort of qualification comes along in another lighter-hearted film called "Funny Face," in the person of Audrey Hepburn. This complete little charmer is this time the heroine of a grub-into-dragonfly story, beginning as a pale and plain little bookshop



"A DELICIOUS SCENE" FROM M.G.M.'S COMEDY "DESIGNING WOMAN": MIKE HAGAN (GREGORY PECK) LOOKS WRYLY AT HIS WIFE (LAUREN BACALL), WHO HAS JUST COME IN TO FIND HIM WITH HIS RAVIOLI IN HIS LAP (PUT THERE BY A FORMER GIRL-FRIEND).

(LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, APRIL 18.)

decrepit cinema palace whose heyday would seem to have been 1919 or earlier. They don't quite know what to do with it or with its aged and dusty staff, consisting of Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Miles and Peter Sellers. A neighbouring more opulent cinema tries to buy it up and in return contrives to get burned down. But the chief point of the film is some plain, homely fun obtained from an aged projector showing old films at the wrong speed. An extract from "Coming Through the Rye," featuring Alma Taylor, arrests our laughter because it has the tender grace of a day that is dead and that will never come back to you and me. But the film is not outstanding otherwise, and pretty little Miss McKenna and pretty big Mr. Travers will doubtless play together to better purpose in something else, later.

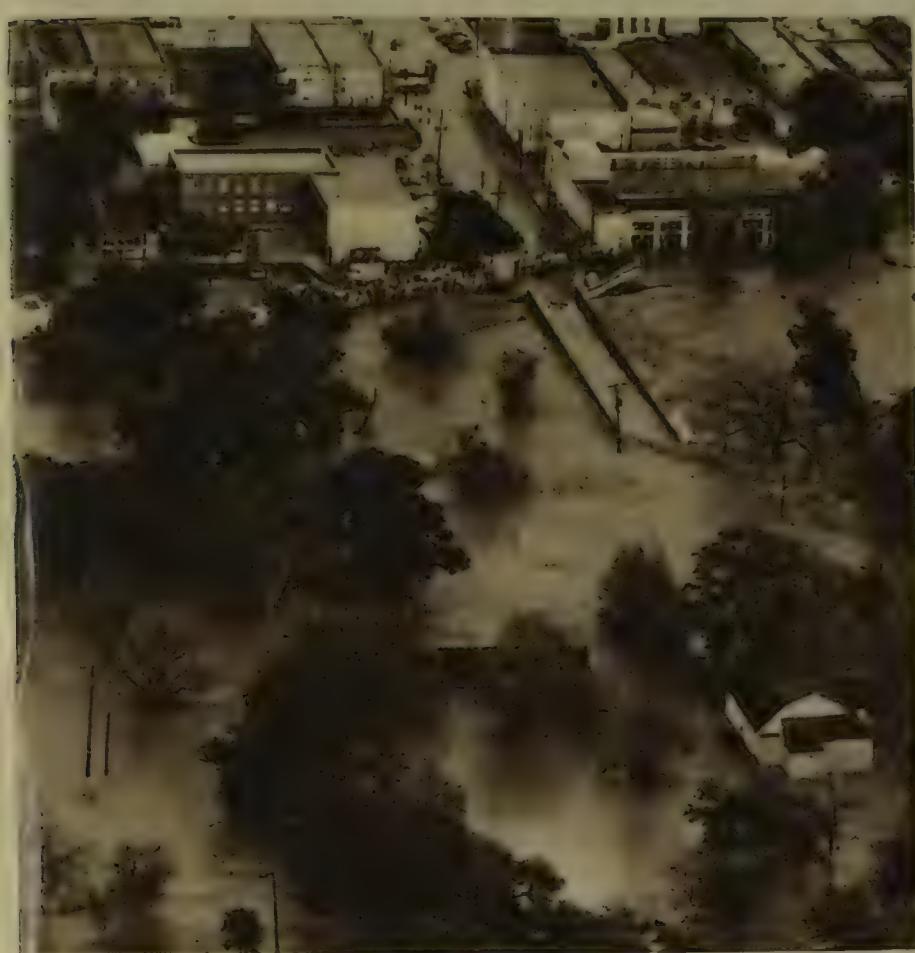
OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS" (Generally Released: April 22).—Mr. Priestley's big, bouncing novel about a struggling concert-party. The new film version has at least some of the liveliness of the original, and has also Eric Portman, Celia Johnson and Janette Scott.

"DOCTOR AT LARGE" (Generally Released: April 29).—Not the best of the popular "Doctor" series, and we particularly deplore the absence of Kenneth More. But it still has fun—and Dirk Bogarde and Donald Sinden and Muriel Pavlow.

"HIGH TIDE AT NOON" (Generally Released: April 22).—Love among the lobster-pots of Nova Scotia, with Betta St. John, William Sylvester and Michael Craig to make the most of it. Fresh and refreshing.

HUMAN, ANIMAL, AND AERONAUTIC: NEWS ITEMS FROM ENGLAND AND AMERICA.



DISASTROUS FLOODING IN TEXAS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF A PART OF THE TOWN OF BELTON.

Heavy damage has been caused in parts of Texas by floods resulting from rain and hail storms, and by tornadoes. The areas affected stretch over a large part of the state, from the Panhandle in the north-west to the Gulf of Mexico. It was reported on April 30 that President Eisenhower had designated the flooded parts as major disaster areas, qualifying them for Federal aid. Eleven people were believed killed in the floods.



THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE AT A GOLF COURSE IN TEXAS FLOODED BY THE WATERS OF THE TRINITY RIVER. PARTS OF TEXAS NOW FLOODED RECENTLY SUFFERED FROM DROUGHT. MOST OF THE STATE'S MAJOR RIVERS WERE IN FLOOD.



THE "WONDER BOY" OF AMERICAN TELEVISION QUIZES: TEN-YEAR-OLD ROBERT STROM, WHO HAS NOW RETIRED AFTER WINNING £68,571. On April 24 Robert Strom's parents announced that their son would not continue any further in the "64,000 Dollar Question" television programme. The winnings, which will be paid over three years to reduce tax, are being invested in a trust fund.



AN AIR-TO-AIR GUIDED WEAPON, THE DE HAVILLAND FIRESTREAK, IN PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F., PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIRCRAFT WHICH HAS JUST FIRED IT. This air-to-air guided weapon which has been developed, and is being produced for the R.A.F., by De Havilland Propellers, Ltd., employs a system of infra-red target homing and will be fitted to the English Electric P.1 and Gloster Javelin aircraft. It has a detector eye which is sensitive to the infra-red rays emitted by an aircraft.



A NEW AND RARE ACQUISITION FOR THE LONDON ZOO: A WHITE-NECKED PICATHARTES, SENT TO REGENT'S PARK FROM SIERRA LEONE. This curious, rare and elegant bird, which comes from Sierra Leone, is marked in white, yellow and black. The feathers on its head are extremely small and fine and so give an appearance of baldness.

THE ASCENT OF HUAGARUNCHO—ONE OF PERU'S HIGHEST VIRGIN PEAKS.



NEARING THE WEST RIDGE: MR. J. STREETLY, FOLLOWED BY MR. J. TUCKER, CLIMBING AN ICE GULLY ON THE NORTH SIDE OF HUAGARUNCHO.

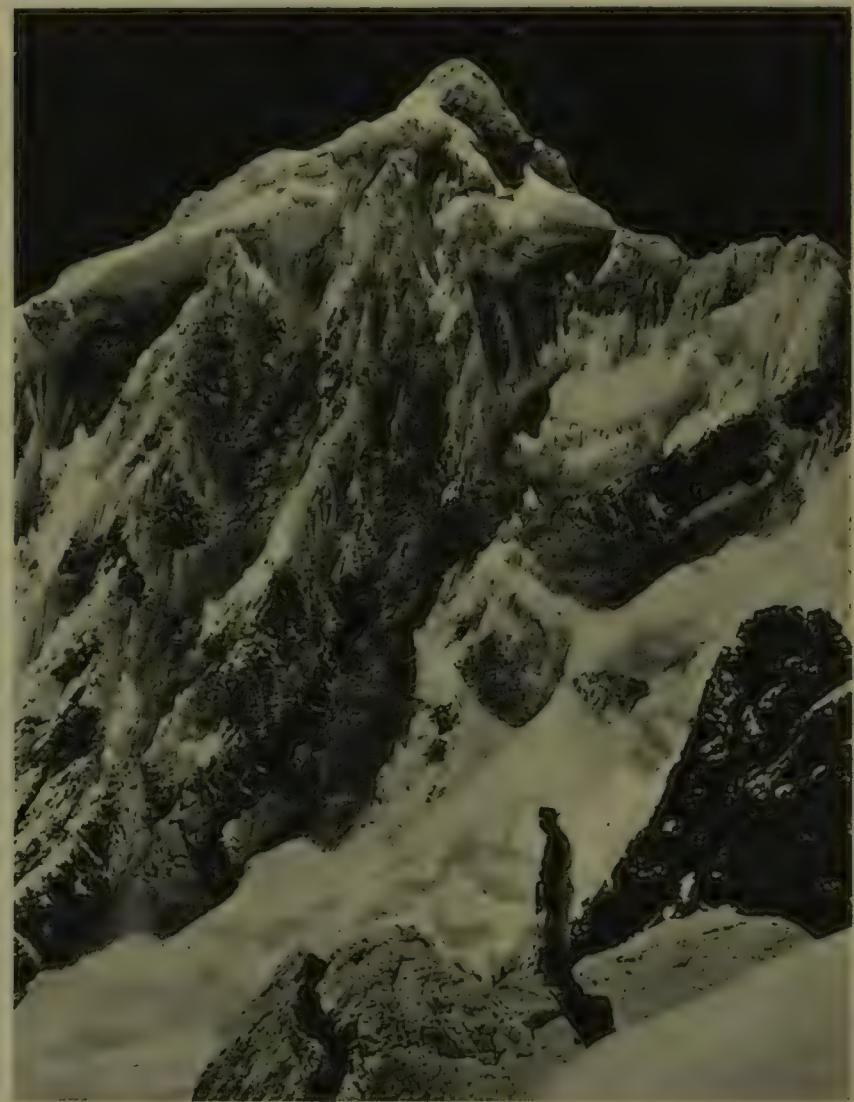


ON THE SOUTH FACE OF PEAK "A": MR. J. STREETLY APPROACHING THE FINAL SUMMIT CORNICE WHICH CURVED OVER LIKE THE CREST OF A BREAKING WAVE.



ROUNDING AN ICY CORNER: MR. JOHN KEMPE, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, ON THE SOUTH FACE OF HUAGARUNCHO, WHERE THE SNOW WAS VERY SOFT.

The route to the summit of Huagaruncho was principally along the line of the West Ridge which was reached by a 300-ft. ice gully on the north side. It was then necessary to cross over on to the South Face because progress along the ridge was barred by the "cockerel's head of ice" (seen above the climber in the top left photograph). Making the route on the South Face safe necessitated spending a week hacking out galleries and fixing ropes, either with ice pitons in the ice cliffs, or with wooden stakes. All this was done in order to regain the West Ridge again, only 600 ft. higher. At length all was ready for an assault on the summit from



THE SNOW-DRAPE PRECIPICES OF THE SOUTH FACE OF HUAGARUNCHO (18,797 FT.), SEEN FROM TARATA DURING A RECONNAISSANCE.

Camp I at 15,600 ft. at the foot of the West Ridge. Mr. J. Kempe, Mr. J. Tucker and Mr. George Band tried first, leaving the camp at 6 a.m. At 4.30 p.m. they turned back, although only 400 ft. below the summit, as they were not equipped to spend the night out in a temperature which can be colder than that at similar altitudes in the Himalayas. Two days later, on August 17, Mr. J. Streetly and Mr. M. Westmacott, climbing very fast, reached the summit in thick cloud at 11.15 a.m., thus ascending one of the highest unclimbed peaks in Peru. They followed the route indicated by the dotted line on the photograph on the facing page.



CONQUERED BY A BRITISH EXPEDITION : HUAGARUNCHO, THE GREAT ICE-GIRT PYRAMID IN THE PERUVIAN ANDES, SEEN FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE NEIGHBOURING MOUNTAIN, PEAK "A." THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE CLIMBERS.

High in the Peruvian Andes, twenty-four miles north-east of the mining town of Cerro de Pasco, the great peak of Huagaruncho (18,797 ft.) rises in trigonal symmetry towards the heavens. It was first described by the American mountaineer Miss Annie Peck, who thought it might be 24,000 ft. high. American climbers visited it in 1938 and 1940 without discovering any certain way to the top. Mr. John C. Oberlin, writing in the *Alpine Journal* about the peaks of Peru, said: "Although below the 6000-metre mark it will be a great prize." Last year one of the first British expeditions to attempt the high peaks of

the Peruvian Andes climbed this hitherto unconquered mountain. Mr. George Band, the Everest mountaineer, was a member of the British Huagaruncho Expedition and has sent us the photographs which appear on this and on the facing page. The day of the final assault was August 17, 1956, when Mr. John Streetly and Mr. Michael Westmacott reached the summit in thick cloud at 11.15 a.m. The route they followed is shown by the dotted line on this photograph—which was taken from the summit of the neighbouring mountain, Peak "A" (17,400 ft.), which was climbed for the first time five days later.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT may seem right not to shrink from a vast, eminently important novel about the lives and ideological fortunes of the French intelligentsia after the Liberation : a record in which fellow-travelling is, from first to last, the correct idea, and the only vital problem, except for cranks of "bastards" (a classification freely used), is whether to stop at that. But though one may feel obliged to tackle it, one would hardly expect it to be sympathetic. However, "The Mandarins," by Simone de Beauvoir (Collins; 18s.), is as sympathetic as it is long. It starts interesting, and gets more absorbing all the time.

The front-line characters are Robert Dubreuilh, a sixty-year-old philosopher and man of letters : his wife Anne, twenty years younger, a psychiatrist and the central figure (*her* standpoint is accorded the first person and the last word) : Nadine, their violent and surly problem child : Henri Perron, a brilliant youngish writer who has spent the war years as a political journalist and hero of the Resistance : and his beautiful Paula, hell-bent on immuring herself (and therefore Henri) in their "great love," which has lasted ten years and is extinct. They almost all have a burst of euphoria at the Liberation : a brief idea that now they can return to the past, or that all is possible. Henri is going to travel, to forget politics, to start a light novel. Dubreuilh, on the other hand, is launching a new movement which will broaden the Left by friendly criticism of the Communist Party, and which he really thinks the Communists will put up with. As for Paula, she has begun to announce that time doesn't exist. Anne, close on forty, with a sense that no more will happen to her, has the shortest fling ; for her the Liberation itself is a time of ghosts, and a reminder that only death is valid. And so they all plunge into the giant hang-over, the giant let-down. Utopia is not dawning after all. The comrades won't stand competition. Humanity's only refuge from "want, slavery and stupidity" is the Soviet Union, yet the Soviet labour camps are a fact. Then, should a French pro-Communist intellectual denounce the fact, or should he keep mum ? And what odds will it make, since Paris is now the fallen capital of a fifth-rate nation ? "Being a great writer in Guatemala or Honduras —what a laughable triumph ! . . . Yet life goes on ; and one by one, they come round to the solution of getting on with it.

Of course there is vastly more than that ; Anne, for instance, has a belated, racking love-affair in America. The women are especially good and heartfelt. Yet, I must add, one is taken aback by the blend of acute intelligence with what seems to us an amazing naïveté of outlook.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Sound of Waves," by Yukio Mishima (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), a modern Japanese love-story, is sham-naïve, but in the freshest and most appealing way. Its scene is an island named Uto-jima—Song Island : a remote, strait-laced little community, where the men fish and the women are abalone divers. Uto-jima is not cut off from the big world, but it is protected. "Very bad things—very bad ways—will all always disappear before they get to our island. . . ." Shinji is a poor boy, the elder son of a widow, while Hatsue, the girl he loves at first sight, is the village tycoon's daughter. After a few stolen but chaste meetings, they are observed, slandered, parted by the tycoon—till the day when good, simple Shinji displays his worth, and everyone repents and relents. The courtship is charming ; Chiyo, the girl who betrays it from jealousy, is a touching figure, and the whole scene has a smiling poetry.

"Much in Evidence," by Henry Cecil (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is, one may say, an insurance problem. Mr. William Richmond has just gone to sleep over a detective story when a couple of men break into his house and steal £100,000. Mr. Richmond had drawn this out the day before, luckily insuring it. In the assessor's view, his claim stinks. But he gets the money—only to be prosecuted for fraud, on what is either conclusive evidence or a shattering coincidence. The whole plot (a very nice job) forms a study in coincidence, while the legal comedy, including a superlative talking judge, is as good as usual.

"The Cold Dark Night," by Sarah Gainham (Arthur Barker; 12s. 6d.), though a thriller, has far more serious intentions. The writer's field is Berlin. This time, her starting-point is the Four-Power Conference in "the bitter winter of 1954." The narrator, a rather green young American named Joe Purdy, is helping to cover it for an English newspaper. In the background we have the cynicism of the Powers, the "mud-grey" wretchedness of East Berlin and the Zone ; while the special theme is the traffic in "expendable" and helpless refugee agents. Joe becomes involved in this, and in the resurgence of an old scandal, through a couple of women. The *milieu*, physical and moral, is dense, brilliantly put across, and fascinating to start with. But it is too much of a good thing. It spoils the action, which is so congested with knowledgeableness as to end up by becoming tedious.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR, AND ISRAEL TO-DAY.

IN a moving Foreword to "Best Foot Forward," by Colin Hodgkinson (Odhams Press; 18s.), Sir Archibald McIndoe, the famous plastic surgeon, writes as follows : "In 1939 Colin Hodgkinson was 6 ft. 1 in. tall and weighed 13½ stone of solid and well-trained bone and muscle. He had so far enjoyed a magnificently physical life of games, shooting, hunting and boxing, interspersed with some education. In that year, too, he was under training as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. In 1940, following a near fatal air crash, he was 5 ft. 10 ins. tall, and, minus two legs, weighed 12 stone. He was 'on the beach,' having been invalided from the Navy with a pension of £3 per week." With the help of Sir Archibald, he became one of the

two men who succeeded in returning to flying operations after losing his legs in an accident. The other was Douglas Bader. When in 1944 he came round after a second accident—this time in German-occupied France—he saw a German medical colonel looking down at him with astonishment.

"You must hate us very much," he said, "to fly against us without legs." But as Colin Hodgkinson says, he did not particularly hate the Germans : he was, however, mad keen on his flying. The book is a most inspiring one. It contains some of the best descriptions of air fighting I have read. Its author neither boasts nor harbours grudges. It reveals him as an aggressive but delightful personality, and one who, though he would strongly resent my saying so, reveals a noble fortitude from the first page to the last. What is so remarkable is that not merely was he undaunted by his crashes (and the second was almost as unpleasant as the first), but in the post-war era he continued flying in jet aircraft until a final narrow escape in 1951 convinced even him that his flying days were past. When to all this is added some pleasing descriptions of his hunting, shooting and fishing youth and his post-war experiences as a political candidate, a most agreeable book indeed is the result. For Mr. Hodgkinson can write as well as he speaks, and as he used to do.

The hero of "The One That Got Away," by Kendal Burt and James Leasor (Collins and Michael Joseph; 16s.), is the late Franz von Werra, the Luftwaffe pilot who was shot down in the Battle of Britain, made two remarkable escapes in England, and finally jumped from a train in Canada, escaping to the United States (then still neutral). The authors have reconstructed his escapes, and his life in British prison camps. It is a fascinating story for the English reader. Here we see through German eyes British methods of interrogation (and how excellent they were) and the reverse side of the picture of the many British escape stories that have come out of the war. Von Werra, although extremely courageous and resourceful, displays some of the least attractive qualities of a certain type of German. These are arrogance and boastfulness. His behaviour when he got to New York was such as to embarrass the German authorities intensely. He gave Press interviews, which became ever more ridiculously self-regarding. It must have been with intense relief that they heard the news that he had jumped his bail of over £3000 and escaped to Latin-America, thence returning to the Fatherland. There he had been, quite naturally from Dr. Goebbels' point of view, made much of as a propagandist, before his arrival. He was, however, not wholly a success from the point of view of German propaganda, as a large part of the account of his adventures, which he dictated before his death, had to be suppressed by a dismayed Propaganda Ministry on the grounds that it was not sufficiently anti-British. The authors have done an excellent job of reconstruction, and, as I say, the picture they give of British security, British intelligence, and British prison camps, as seen through German eyes, will prove of the greatest interest.

"The S.S.—Alibi of a Nation 1922-1945," by Gerald Reitlinger (Heinemann; 35s.), is an exhaustive and in some places exhausting account, based almost entirely on captured documents, of the rise of the S.S. from being the personal bodyguard of the Führer to being the effective ruling force in the German nation. As such, it is a valuable, if horrifying, document. Where I think Mr. Reitlinger is a little unfair to Germans, on the whole,

is in dismissing their plea that with the S.S. and the Gestapo in control they were helpless to overthrow the régime. In spite of the near success of the Monarchist-Army and Christian plot of July 20, successful resistance in a police state is almost impossible. Indeed, I should have said completely impossible, as the fate of Hungary shows. For those who, like myself, were able to study the rise of the Nazi party at close quarters from 1928 to 1939, the book is fascinating. For the general reader, it is both interesting and contains a warning.

In "Out of Bondage" (Owen; 16s.), Miss Elizabeth Rivers describes a journey she made a few years ago to Israel. Miss Rivers is not a Jewess, and her book is an objective and well-written account which will do much to explain recent events in the Middle East. I only wish I had space in which to do more than give it a warm recommendation.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



*What does
THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT
say today?*

Even in the spring, though there may be a few people in Trafalgar Square, there are still plenty of pigeons around—the photographers see to that. For to ensure that there are pigeons in the square next summer, and so tourists to be photographed with the pigeons, and so profits for the photographers, they keep the birds well fed throughout the winter.

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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE MORRIS MINOR 1000.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

IT happens now and again that some particular car proves so successful that it is continued virtually unchanged year after year. Such a car is the post-war Morris *Minor*, which made its débüt as a radically new model as long ago as 1948 with a specification so up-to-date that only in certain respects has it since been altered.

Thus it was of unitary construction, the body shell or hull serving also as the chassis, and it had independent front suspension by wishbone links and torsion bars, and steering by rack and pinion. These features it still retains, and they may be said, therefore, to have well withstood the test of time.

When first introduced it had a side-valve engine of 918 c.c., but in 1952 that was replaced by an overhead-valve unit of 803 c.c. In its latest form as the *Minor* 1000 it has been given a slightly larger engine of 948 c.c., which develops 37 b.h.p. at 4750 r.p.m. This overhead-valve engine is new, and has a bore of 62.94 mm. for the four cylinders, instead of 58 mm. as formerly, a stiffer crankshaft, stronger connecting rods with big-end bearings of larger diameter, and with lead-indium lined bearing shells, instead of the white metal previously employed. The compression ratio has also been raised from 7.2 to 1 to 8.3 to 1.

To cope with the increased power a stronger clutch is fitted, the gear ratios have been altered to suit the engine characteristics, and the final drive ratio is now 4.55 to 1 instead of 5.29 to 1. From these technical details it is naturally to be deduced that the performance has benefited, particularly as regards acceleration and maximum speed, and a road test proved in no uncertain manner that such is, indeed, the case.

Otherwise, the *Minor* 1000 differs little from its predecessor. There are, however, two obvious features in its external appearance which allow it to be recognised at a glance. A curved single-pane screen replaces the former V-screen, and the rear window is much larger. Additionally, the name "Minor 1000" appears in chromium-plated characters on the lid of the boot.

The car tested was the *de luxe* four-door saloon, and the extra liveliness it now possesses was at once apparent. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the performance has been revolutionised by the extra 23 per cent. power available and the more suitable gear ratios. On first gear a maximum speed of 23 m.p.h. is attainable, on second 36 m.p.h., and on third nearly 60 m.p.h., although it should be emphasised that one would normally change up well before these maxima are reached. These figures do, however, give some idea of the enhanced performance.

On top gear a speed of 72 m.p.h. is there for the asking, and it can be reached surprisingly often on a give-and-take road. Acceleration is distinctly good, as from rest a speed of 30 m.p.h. can be reached in a fraction under seven seconds, 50 m.p.h. in just under nineteen seconds, and 60 m.p.h. in the half-minute. Throughout these tests when maximum engine speed was utilised, the smoothness and quietness of the engine were notable.

From the handling point of view the *Minor* has always been an attractive car, but the latest model gains in this respect by the delightful gear-change. The remote-control central gear-lever is short and commendably stiff, and the change so easy that even the inexperienced driver will be encouraged to use it.

The rack and pinion steering is light and precise, and the brakes, with two leading shoes in the front drums, are well up to the increased speed capability without calling for more than average pedal pressures. In ordinary fast driving there were no symptoms of brake fade.

Road-holding has always been another of the *Minor*'s good points and in the 1000 it is just as good as ever. The suspension is firm, without introducing discomfort, and allows the car to be cornered fast, even on indifferent road surfaces, in a manner which many faster, larger, and more expensive cars cannot better. Indeed, if one drives round a bend, as opposed to rolling round, there appears to be no tendency for either front or rear wheels to break away, the little car feeling as if it were running on rails.

Obviously the 1000 is capable of putting up a very respectable average speed, 50 miles in the hour is quite possible, and it will cruise quite comfortably at any speed up to 60 m.p.h. That it will withstand such treatment has been ensured by the thorough testing it received during development, when it averaged 60 m.p.h. for 25,000 miles on German *autobahnen*.

It can hardly be too often said that fuel consumption depends upon how a car is driven. If the *Minor*'s performance is taken full advantage of in order to maintain a high average speed, then less than 40 m.p.g. may be expected, but if driven for economy, then 50 m.p.g. or more is a possible figure. In between these two extremes lies the consumption for normal usage.

The curved screen and larger rear window have considerably improved visibility, especially for the driver. The separate bucket-type front seats are comfortable, but the driver's seat could with advantage have a greater range of adjustment. The steering-wheel is of safety type, with the central

boss countersunk, and beneath it is a small lever which controls the semaphore traffic indicators when moved sideways and also the horn when pressed inwards. At first one is apt to operate the indicators when desiring to blow the horn, or to operate the other indicator when cancelling a signal, but one eventually becomes used to the movements, although the arrangement is not ideal.

The handbrake lever, however, is handily placed between the seats. Speedometer and switches are also well located; the speedometer carries four indicator lamps, for ignition, oil pressure, traffic signals, and main beam. The dipping switch is easily found by the driver's left foot.

For a small car the *Minor* provides a surprising amount of passenger space for four. The rear seat is comfortable, and its occupants sit within the wheelbase, which is only 7 ft. 2 ins. The four doors are hinged on their forward edges and give reasonably easy access to the seats. A useful parcel shelf runs the full width of the scuttle, and in the fascia two glove-boxes are now provided with lids.

In the tail 7 cubic feet of luggage space are provided, unencumbered by the spare wheel which rests in its own compartment underneath, but owing to the curvature of the lid the size of suitcases needs careful selection if best use is to be made of the space available.

The *de luxe* model has extra equipment, such as two sun visors, leather upholstery for cushions and squabs, heater, and overriders on the bumpers. Its price is £445, plus purchase tax £223 17s., a total of £668 17s.

MOTORING NOTES.

While it is not unusual for some new models to be announced during the spring, this year's crop is unusually large. Thus within the last few weeks there have been introduced the Austin A55 Saloon, a new version of the Cambridge, with improvements in performance, comfort and appearance, the price remaining at £772 7s., including purchase tax; an improved version of the Standard Eight, the 803-c.c. engine having a compression ratio of 8.25 to 1, giving an even livelier performance and a consumption figure in the region of 47.52 m.p.g., while a number of body modifications include a chromium-plated radiator grille and a luggage boot of which the lid now opens in the orthodox manner, the price being £616 7s., including purchase tax; and a new Wolseley Saloon, the Fifteen Hundred, with the 1½-litre B.M.C. "B"-type power unit and independent front suspension by torsion bars, the price being £758 17s., inclusive of purchase tax. Additionally, the Metropolitan 1500, built by the Austin Motor Company for the American Motors Corporation, became available on the home market early in April at £713 17s., including tax, for the hardtop model and £725 2s. for the convertible.

The 1957 edition of the "Michelin Guide" (£1 2s.) has now been published and follows its usual comprehensive lines,

including impartial grading of hotels and restaurants, from the luxurious to the modest. As well as restaurants famous for their cuisine, it also lists those where well-cooked meals are offered at less than 15s. There are, of course, the usual maps, town plans, and all the information necessary for the tourist. A guide with the simple title "Paris" (8s. 6d.) also now appears in English, and is full of information for visitors to the French capital. For campers and caravan enthusiasts a new guide, "Camping in France" (soon to be available, price 7s.), has also been introduced.

There are a number of new features in the 1957-58 A.A. Members' Handbook which is being distributed to the Association's 1,850,000 members. Over 5700 garages are listed, 4303 hotels, 653 guest houses and 560 restaurants and cafés. The forty-eight pages of maps show the positions of the 800 A.A. telephone-boxes and the roads regularly covered by A.A. patrols.

International sporting events which take place during May are: The Tulip Rally (6-11th); the Mille Miglia, starting and finishing at Brescia (12th); the Monaco Grand Prix (19th); and the 1000 Km. race for sports cars at Nürburg, in Germany (26th). To-morrow (5th) the Bugatti O.C. Prescott Hill Climb takes place, starting at noon.

For the care of vehicle cooling systems, Smiths' Motor Accessories, Ltd., have introduced new products known as Radiator Preservative, Radiator Leak Seal, Radiator Cleaner No. 1 and Radiator Cleaner No. 2.

When the anti-freeze solution has been drained off, the Cleaner No. 1 should be used to remove any corrosion and the radiator should then be filled with the Preservative solution, which contains a corrosion inhibitor. Cleaner No. 2 is for dealing with badly clogged and corroded radiators, but as it is a two-part cleaner requiring the precise following of instructions, it is available only to the motor trade or fleet operators.



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Voici un message S.O.S. M. Albert Mason,
HERE IS AN S.O.S. MESSAGE. WILL MR. ALBERT MASON,
vu dernièrement avec un air abattu,
LAST SEEN LOOKING DEPRESSED,
veut-il rejoindre immédiatement son
RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO HIS
domicile où sa femme, Mme Mason,
HOME WHERE HIS WIFE, MRS. MASON,
a enfin retrouvé son Dubonnet ?
HAS FOUND HIS DUBONNET?



(A. M. se précipite chez lui)
(A. M. RUSHES HOME)

He has his with gin, his wife has hers with soda and a slice of lemon. But the important ingredient is the Dubonnet, one of the most civilised of all France's

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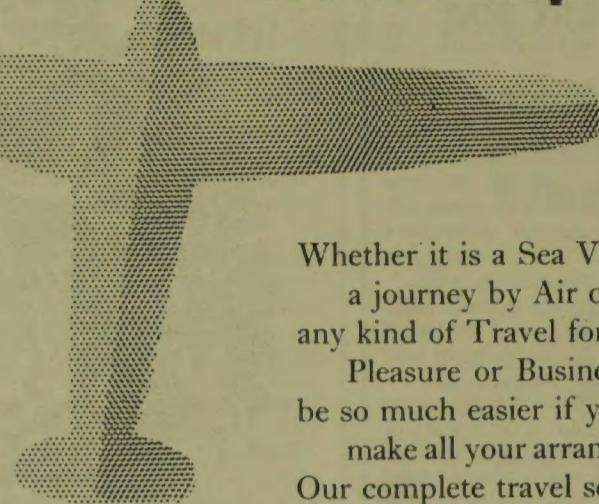
Casino-Kursaal, swimming pool, yachting, waterski, fishing, tennis, miniature golf.

Beds	Hotels	Full board min. 3 days from to	s.Fr.	s.Fr.
425	Victoria-Jungfrau	26	36
170	Gd. Hotel Beau-Rivage	22.50	32
150	Royal-St. Georges	19	29
150	Schweizerhof	19	29
100	Belvédère	19	29
110	Métropole and Monopole	17.50	25
80	Krebs	17.50	25
80	Carlton	17.50	25
70	Du Lac	17.50	25
55	National	17.50	25
110	Weisses Kreuz	16	23
100	Bellevue	16	23
100	Eden	16	23
100	Interlaken	16	23
100	Du Nord	16	23
100	Oberland	16	23
100	Savoy	16	23
80	Bernerhof	16	23
80	Jura	16	23
70	Central	16	23
70	Gotthard	16	23
60	Bristol-Terminus	16	23
60	Splendid	16	23
20	Neuhau (a. Thunersee)	16	23
80	Hirschen (Interlaken)...	15	20
70	Drei Tannen	15	20
70	Europe	15	20
60	Alpina	15	20
55	Horn	15	20
45	Sonne (Matten)	15	20
38	Beauséjour	15	20
35	Beausite	15	20
28	Rössli	15	20
18	Blume	15	20
50	Touriste	14	18
40	Helvetica	14	18
40	Merkur	14	18
40	De la Paix	14	18
35	Krone	14	18
35	Löwen	14	18
32	Harder-Minerva	14	18
31	Rugenpark	14	18
25	Goldener Anker	14	18
25	Iris	14	18
25	Lötschberg	14	18
24	Eintracht	14	18
22	Hardermannli	14	18
21	Bären	14	18
16	Bahnhof	14	18
12	Flora	14	18
11	Adler	14	18
10	Zum Marktplatz	14	18

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that became
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MICHAEL JOSEPH

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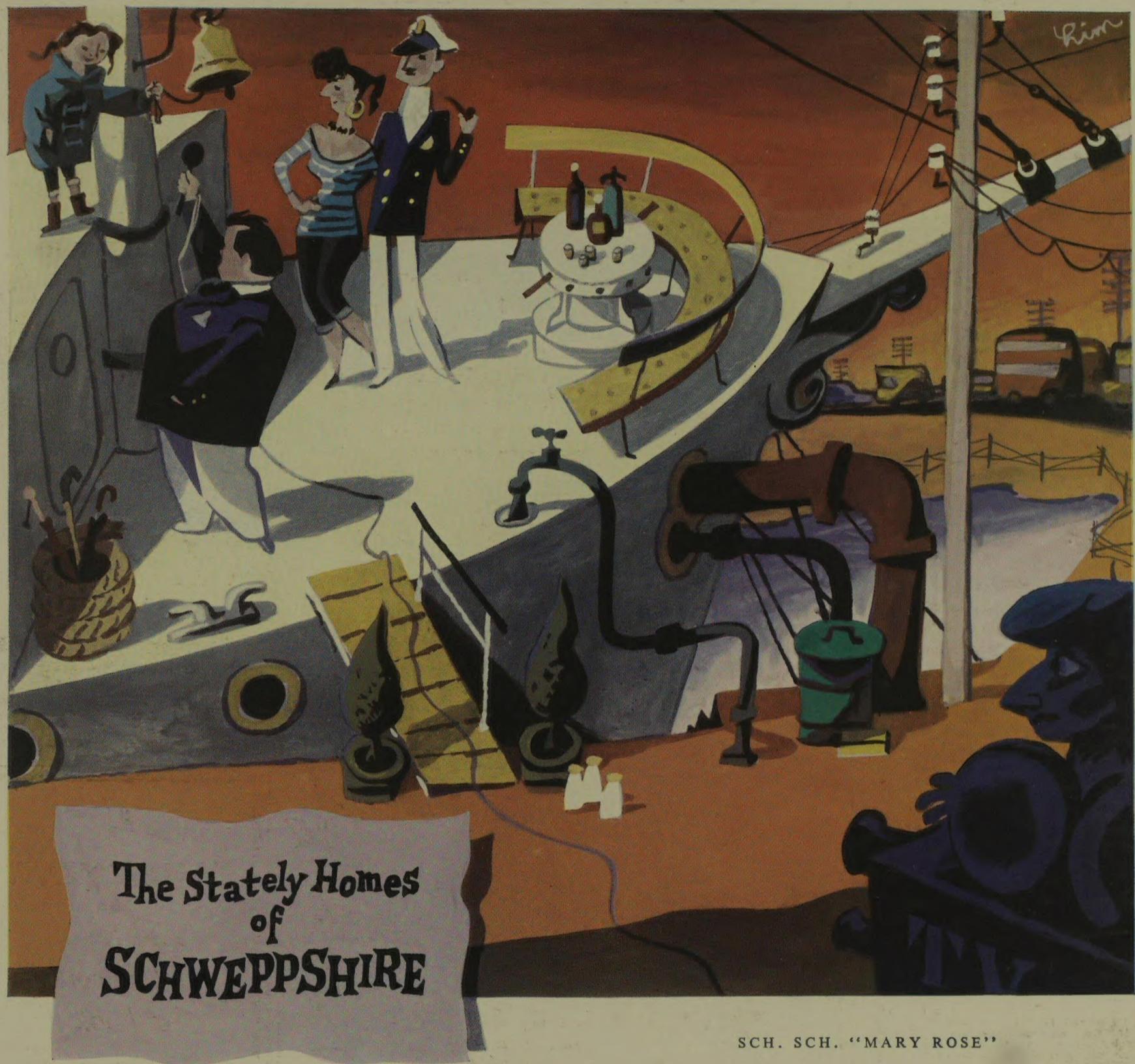


Pintail SHERRY

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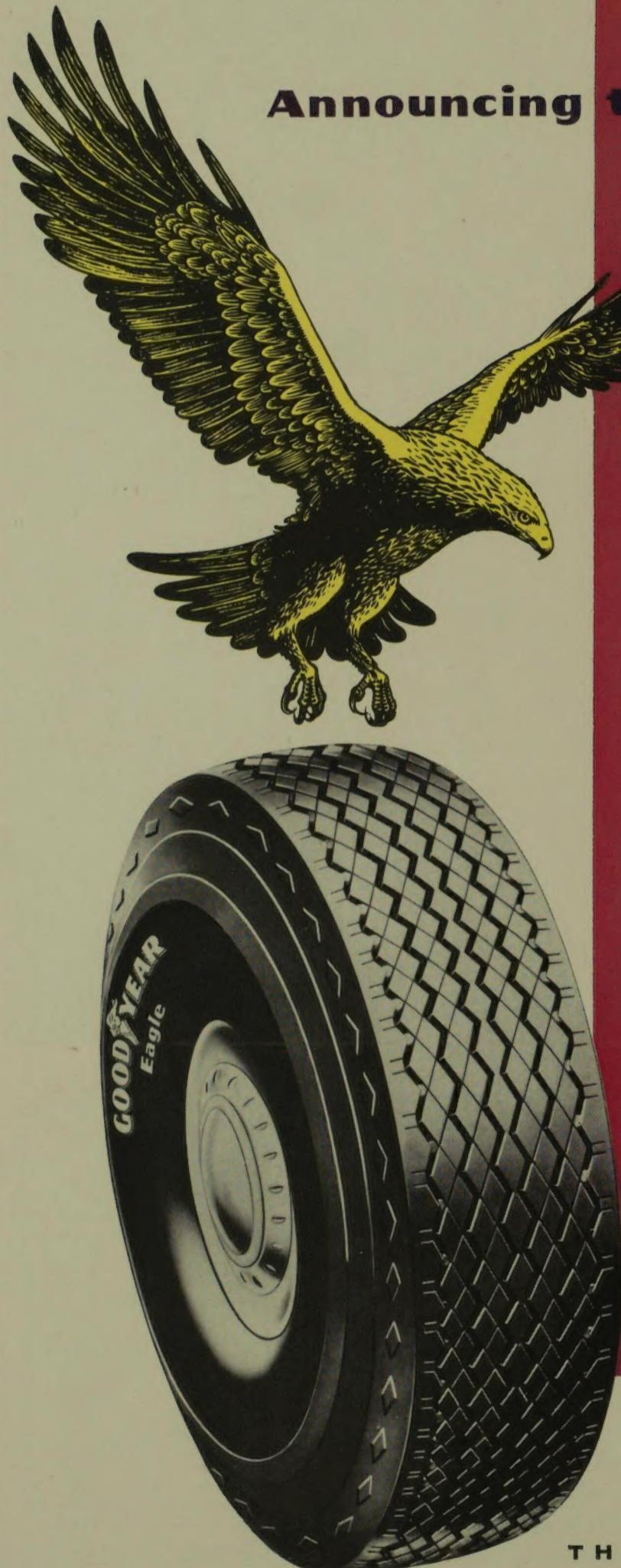
T.V.'d in "Keyhole Camera" as the only all-aquatic couple drawing 2½ ft. of water, Mr. "Jack" Cornsalad proudly showed off his "Yellowcrome" stainless steel ship's bell (run by clockwork cuckoo emerging from miniature crow's nest), the strong smell of tar (or something very like it), real rope in permanently ship-shape coils (stuck on with Yo-ho), a sail locker with a sort of sail or something in it, and a portrait of Captain Cook in the maid's bedroom.

Pleasing detail (*see inset*). Every morning (two bells) Mr. Cornsalad takes a bearing, plots course, and proves that his position is exactly 16½ sea miles East North East by East of Lot's Road Power Station.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by George Him

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